

NEW ENLARGED EDITION

88 OLD FAVORITE SONGS



Words and Music Complete with Piano or Organ Accompaniment.
One of the Finest Collections ever Published
COX & CO. - - Toronto 2, Canada.

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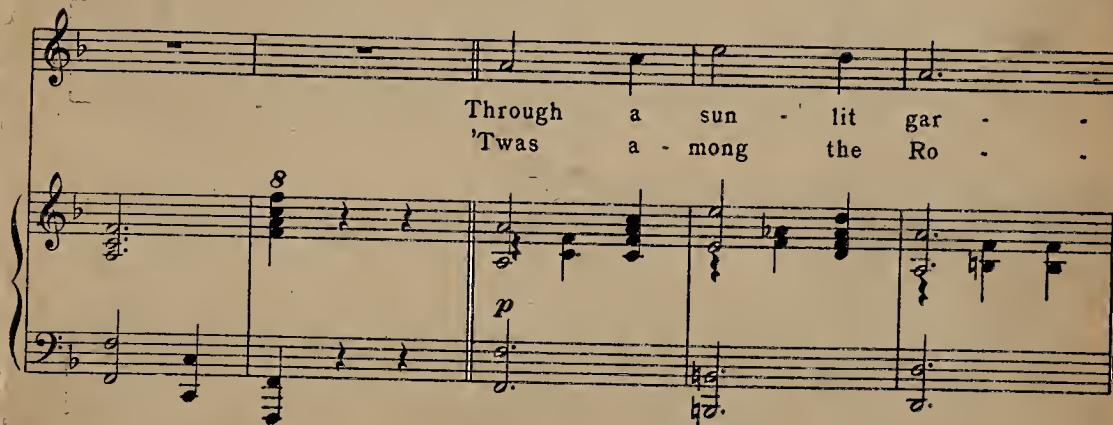
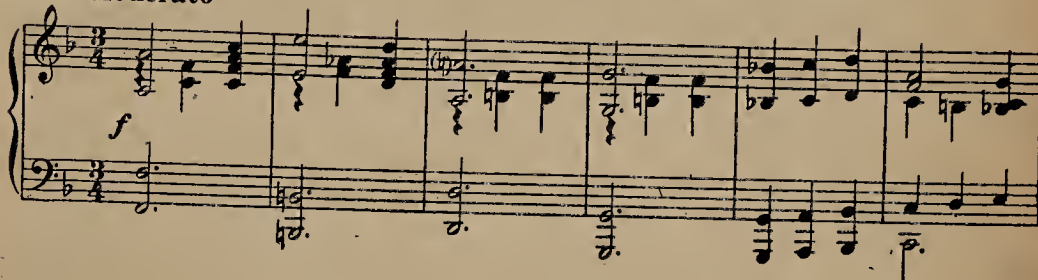
A. COX & CO., Toronto 2, Canada

A Basket of Old-Fashioned Roses.

Words by
C. H. MUSGROVE

Music by
E. CLINTON KEITHLEY

Moderato



Once I sought the flow - - er I would have you
 So I bring these flow - - ers Sweet-heart your love to

wear, _____ But no sing - le blos - - som
 woo _____ Let this frag - rant gar - - land

Could my love im - part, _____ So to, tell the
 crown our love to - day, _____ Sweet is love's own

sto - - ry, That is in my heart. _____
 sto - - ry, That the blos - soms say. _____

REFRAIN

p dolce

A Basket of old fashioned ro . ses Sweetheart I bring to you —

Ro-ses I gathered in Love - land Dream-ing sweet dreams of you — Each

rosedear a messag-e's breath - ing Tend-er and fond and true; — This

Basket of old fashioned ro . ses, Sweet-heart I bring to you. —

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

by HENRY RUSSELL.

f Allegro.

1. A life on the o - cean wave... A home on the roll - ing deep... Where the
 2. Once more on the deck... I stand... Of my own swift-glid - ing craft... Set sail!
 3. The land is no longer in view... The clouds have be - gun to frown... But with

scat - tered wa - ters rave... And the winds their rev - els keep! Like an an - gel caged, I
 fare - well to the land... The gale fol - lows far a - baft: We shoot thro' the spark - ling
 a stout ves - sel and crew... We'll say, let the storm come down! And the song of our heart shall

fine. On this dull, un - chang - ing shore... Oh, give me the flash - ing brine... The
 foam... Like an o - cean bird set free... Like the o - cean bird, our home We'll
 be... While the winds and the wa - ters rave, A life on the heav - ing sea. A

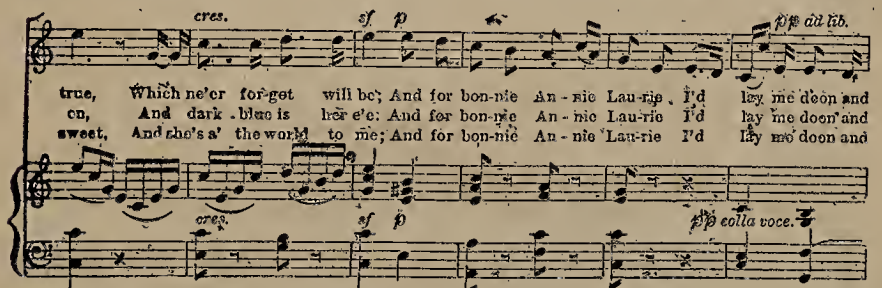
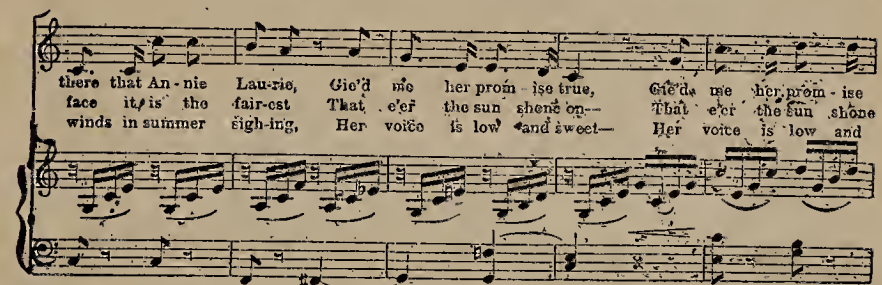
Chorus.

spray and the tem - pest roar!... A life on the o - cean wave... A home on the roll - ing
 and far out on the sea!... A life on the o - cean wave... A home on the roll - ing
 home on the bounding wave!... A life on the o - cean wave... A home on the roll - ing

deep!... Where the scat - tered wa - ters rave... And the winds their rev - els keep!

ANNIE LAURIE.

ANONYMOUS.

*Andante moderato.*PIANO. *mf*

Robert Burns.

AULD LANG SYNE.

1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance
 2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine, We've wander'd mony a
 3. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the burn, Frae mornin' sun till dine, But seas be-tween us
 4. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine, We'll tak' a cup o'

be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
 wea-ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.
 braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne,
 kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear, For
 auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

Words by Robert Burns.

Lively.

1. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' thro' the rye, If a bod-y
 2. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' frae the town, If a bod-y
 3. Among the train there is a swain, dear-ly love my-sel'; But what's his name, or

Chorus.

kiss a bod-y, Need a bod-y cry?
 greet a bod-y, Need a bod-y frown?
 where's his name, din-na choose to tell.

Ev-ry las-sie has her lad-die,

Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When com-in' thro' the rye.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.
Allegretto.

1. To the Lords of Con-ven-tion 'twas
2. Dun - dee he is mounted, he
3. There are hills beyond Penland, and
4. Then a - wa' to the hills, to the

PIANO. *mf*

Claverhouse spoke, Ere the King's crown godow' there are crowns to be broke, Then each cay - a - lier who loves
rides up the street, The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat, But the provost (douce man) said, "Just
lands beyond Forth, Be there lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north; There are brave Duinnewassels three
lea, to the rocks, Ere I own a u - sur - per I'll erough with the fox; And tremble, false whigs, in the

honour and me, Let him follow the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee. Come fill up my eup, come fill up my can, Come
e'en let it be, For the town is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dundee." Come, etc.
thousand times three, Will cry, "Hey for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee." Come, etc.
midst o' your glee, Ye hae no seen the last o' my bonnets add me, Come, etc.

mf

sad - dle my horse - es, and call out my men; Un - hook the west port, and let us gae free, For its

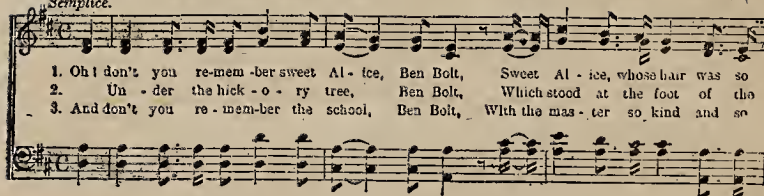
up wi' the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

p *mf*

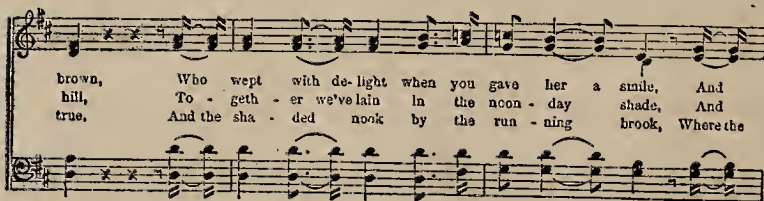
BEN BOLT.

Words by Thomas Dunn English, '39.

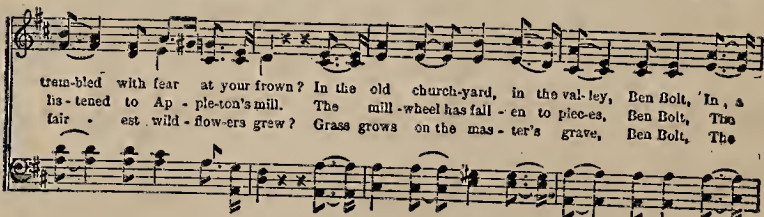
Music by Nelson Kneass.

Simplific.


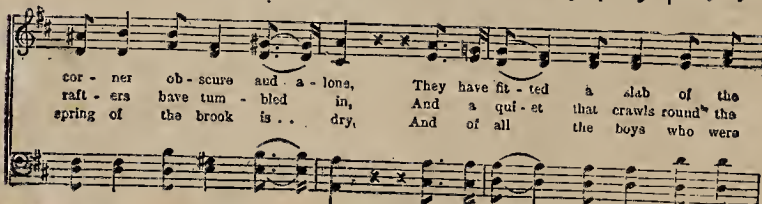
1. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber sweet Al-ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Al-ice, whose hair was so
 2. Un-der the hick-o-ry tree, Ben Bolt, Which stood at the foot of the
 3. And don't you re-mem-ber the school, Ben Bolt, With the mas-ter so kind and so



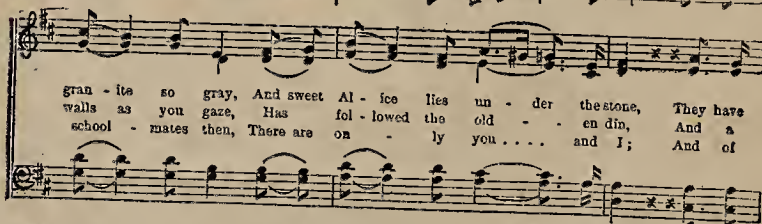
brown, Who wept with de-light when you gave her a smile, And
 hill, To- geth- er we've lain in the noon- day shade, And
 true, And the sha- ded nook by the run- ning brook, Where the



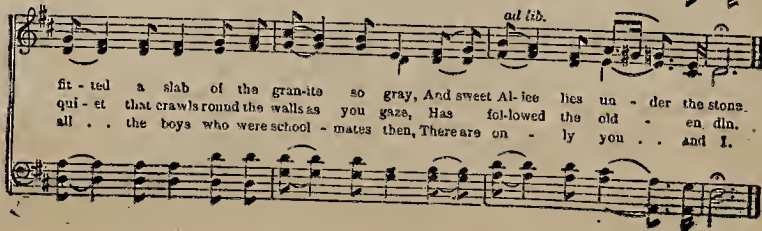
trem-bled with fear at your frown? In the old church-yard, in the val-ley, Ben Bolt, In a
 lis-tened to Ap-ple-ton's mill. The mill-wheel has fall-en to piec-es, Ben Bolt, Two
 fair- est wild-flow-ers grew? Grass grows on the mas-ter's grave, Ben Bolt, The



cor-ner ob-scure and a-lone, They have fit-ted a slab of the
 raft-ers have tum-bled in, And a qui-et that crawls round the
 spring of the brook is . . . dry, And of all the boys who were



gran-ite so gray, And sweet Al-ice lies un-der the stone, They have
 walls as you gaze, Has fol-lowed the old en-din, And a
 school-mates then, There are on-ly you . . . and I; And of



ad lib.
 fit-ted a slab of the gran-ite so gray, And sweet Al-ice lies un-der the stone.
 qui-et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has fol-lowed the old en-din.
 all . . . the boys who were school-mates then, There are on-ly you . . . and I.

BONNIE LADDIE, HIGHLAND LADDIE

CHARLES WALKER.

Allegretto.

PIANO. *f* *dim.*

1. Where ha'e ye been a' the day, Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die? Saw ye him that's
2. When he drew his gude braid sword, Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die, Then he gave his
3. Wea - ry fa the Low-land loon, Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die, Wha took frae him the

p

far a - way, Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die? On his head a bon - net blue,
roy - al word, Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die, That frae the field he ne'er would flee,
Brit - ish crown, Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die, But blessings on the kilt - ed Clans,

Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die; Tar - tan plaid and High-land trev, Bon-nie lad - die,
Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die; But wi' his friends would live or dee, Bon-nie lad - die,
Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die, That fought for him at Pres-ton-pans, Bon-nie lad - die,

High-land lad - die!

f *dim.*

A BOY'S BEST FRIEND'S HIS MOTHER

J. P. SKELLY.

Andante.

PIANO.

KEY B \flat .

1. While plod-ding on our way, the toil some road of life, How
 2. Tho' all the world may frown, and ev'-ry friend de-part, She
 3. Her fond and gen-tle face not long may greet us here, Then

few the friends that dai-ly there we meet!.... Not ma-ny will stand by in
 re-ver will for-sake us in our need!.... Our re-fuge e-ver more is
 cheer her with our kindness and our love!.... Re-member at her knee in

trou-ble and in-strife, With coun-sel and af-fec-tion e-ver sweet!.... But
 still with-in her heart, For us her lov-ing sym-pa-thy will plead!.... Her
 child-hood bright and dear, We heard her voice, like an-gels from a-bove!.... Tho'

there is one whose smile, will ev-er on us beam, Whose love is dear-er far than a-ny
 pure and gen-tle smile, for ev-er cheers our way, 'Tis sweet-er and tis-ur-rer than all
 af-ter years may bring, their gladness or their woe, Her love is sweeter far than a-ny

o-ther.... And where e- ver we may turn, This les-son we will learn, A
 o-ther.... When she goes from earth a-way, We'll find out while we stray, A
 o-ther.... And our long-ing heart will learn, Where e- ver we may turn, A

CHORUS.

boy's best friend is his Mother.... Then cher-ish her with care, And
 boy's best friend is his Mother....
 boy's best friend is his Mother....

smooth her sil-very hair When gone you will never get an- o-ther.... And where
colla voce

e- ver we may turn, This lesson we shall learn, A boy's best friend is his Mo-ther....

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

ANONYMOUS.

Andante moderato.

PIANO.
dolce.

1. Oh! where, tell me where is your High-land lad - die gone? Oh! where, tell me where is your
2. Oh! where, tell me where did your High-land lad - die dwell? Oh! where, tell me where did your
3. Oh! what, tell me what does your High-land lad - die wear? Oh! what, tell me what does your
4. Oh! what, tell me what if your High-land lad be slain? Oh! what, tell me what if your

High-land lad - die gone? He's gone with streaming banners where no - ble deeds are done, And it's
High-land lad - die dwell? He dwelt in bon-nie Scotland, where blooms the sweet blue bell, And it's
High-land lad - die wear? A bon-net with a lof-ty plume, and on his breast a plaid, And it's
High-land lad be slain? Oh, no! true love will be his guard and bring him safe a-gain, For it's

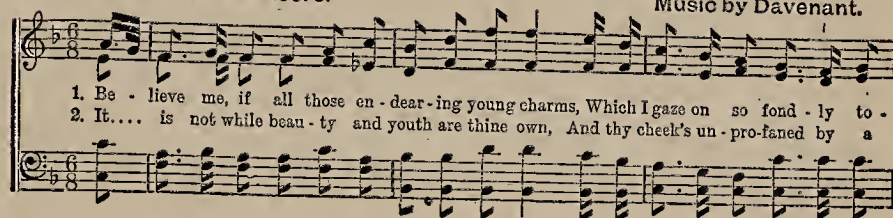
oh, in my heart I wish him safe at home, He's gone with streaming banners where noble deeds are done, And it's
oh! in my heart I lo'e my laddie well, He dwelt in bonnie Scotland, where blooms the sweet blue bell, And it's
oh! in my heart I lo'e my Highland lad, A bonnet with a lofty plume, and on his breast a plaid, And it's
oh! my heart would break if my Highland lad were slain, Oh, no! true love will be his guard and bring him safe again, For it's

oh, in my heart I wish him safe at home.
oh! in my heart I lo'e my lad-die well.
oh! in my heart I lo'e my Highland lad.
oh! my heart would break if my Highland lad were slain.

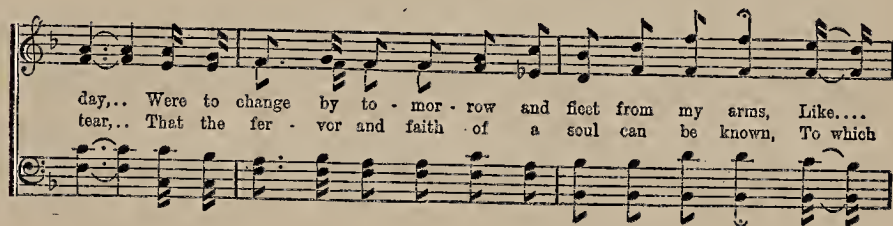
BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

Words by Thomas Moore.

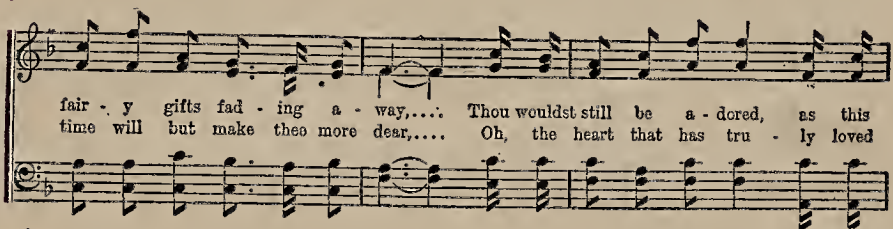
Music by Davenant.



1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond - ly to -
2. It... is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy cheek's un - pro - faned by a



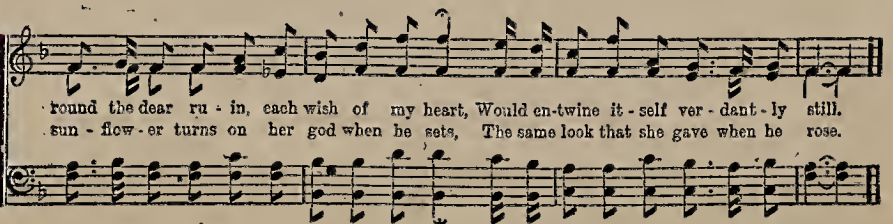
day.. Were to change by to - mor - row and fleet from my arms, Like...
tear.. That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which



fair - y gifts fad - ing a - way.... Thou wouldst still be a - dored, as this
time will but make thee more dear.... Oh, the heart that has tru - ly loved



mo - ment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it will... And a -
nev - er for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close... As the

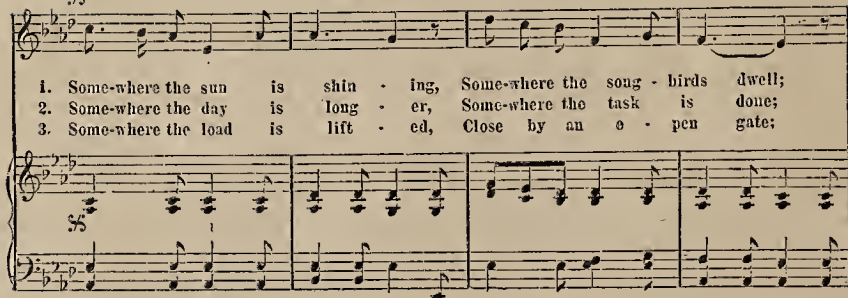


round the dear ru - in, each wish of my heart, Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still.
sun - flow - er turns on her god when he sets, The same look that she gave when he rose.

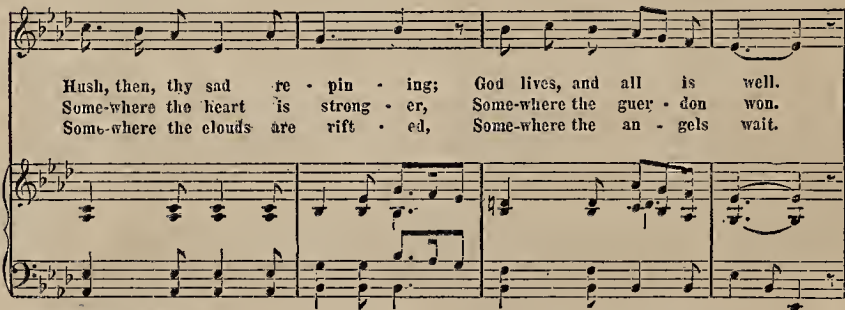
Beautiful Isle of Somewhere.

WORDS BY
Mrs. JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

MUSIC BY
J. S. FEARIS.



1. Some-where the sun is shin - ing, Some-where the song - birds dwell;
2. Some-where the day is long - er, Some-where the task is done;
3. Some-where the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate;



Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing; God lives, and all is well.
Some-where the heart is strong - er, Some-where the guer - don won.
Some-where the clouds are rift - ed, Some-where the an - gels wait.

REFRAIN.



Some - where, Some - where, Beau - ti - ful Isle of Some - where!



Land of the true, where we live a - new - Beau - ti - ful Isle of Some-where!

THE BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMON

♩ Rather slow with expression.

1. By you bon-nie banks and by you bon-nie braes Where the
 2. 'Twas there that we pairt-ed in you shay-dy glen, On the
 3. The wee bid-ies sing, and the wild flow-ers spring, And in

sun shines bright on Loch Lo-mon', Where I and my true love were
 steep, steep sids o' Ben Lo-mon', Where in par-ple hue the
 sun-shine the wa-ters are sleep-in', But the bro-kn heart it

ev-er wont to gae, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo-mon'.
 hie-land hills we view And the moon com-in' out in the gloom-in'.
 kens nae sec-onds spring, Tho' the wae-fu' may cease frae their greet-in'.

SOPR. Chorus.
mp

ALTO.
mp O you'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road, And I'll be in Scot-land a-

TEN.
mp

BASS.

a tempo

fore ye; But I and my true love will never meet a-gain, On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch

Lo-mon'.

BONNIE SWEET BESSIE, THE MAID O' DUNDEE.

A high-land laddie there liv'd o'er the way, A laddie both noble and
 2. Ere years or e-ven months had fled, This laddie and lassie were

gal-lant and gay, Who lov'd a lassie as noble as he, A
 hap-pi-ly wed; Nae bet-ter wifey e'er liv'd on the lea, Than

bonnie sweet lassie, the maid o' Dundee; This lassie had lands, but the
 bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid o' Dundee; A hap-pi-er home nae

laddie had nane, And yet to her it was all the same, For dearly she lov'd him, and
 mon e-ver had, Than this which held it twa hearts sae glad, And ne'er did Bessie have

said she knew This laddie, dear laddie was gude and true.
 'cause to rue, Her wedding this laddie sae gude and true.

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'.

TRADITIONAL.
Allegro.

PIANO, *f*

1. The Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho, The Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho, The
 2. The Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho, The Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho, The
 3. The Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho, The Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho, The

Campbells are com-in' To bon-nie Lock-le - ven; The Campbells are comin', o - ho, o - ho. Up -
 Campbells are com-in' To bon-nie Lock-le - ven; The Campbells are comin', o - ho, o - ho. Great
 Campbells are com-in' To bon-nie Lock-le - ven; The Campbells are comin', o - ho, o - ho. The

on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, Up - on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, I look-ed down to
 Ar - gyle, be goes be - fore, He makes the cannons and guns to roar; W' sound o' trumpet,
 Campbells they are a' in arms, Their loy - al faith and truth to show; Wi' ban-ners rat - thin'

bonnie Lochleven, and saw three bon-nie pip-ers play.
 pipe, and drum, The Campbells are comin', o - ho, o - ho.
 in the wind, The Campbells are comin', o - ho, o - ho.

Moderato.

COME BACK TO ERIN.

(CLARIBEL).

mp

1. Come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Come back, A - roon, to the
 2. O - ver the green sea, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Long shore the white sail that
 3. Oh, may the an - gels o' wak - in' and sleep - in' Watch o'er my bird in the

mp

land of thy birth... Come with the sham - rocks and spring-time, Ma-vour - neen,
 here thee a - way.... Rid - ing the white waves that fair sum - mer morn - in',
 land far a - way.... And it's my pray'rs will cou - sign to their keep - in',

And it's Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth. Sure, when we lent ye to beau - ti - ful Eng - land,
 Just like a May-dow'r a - float on the bay. Oh, but my heart sank when clouds came between us,
 Care of my jew - el by night and by day. When by the fire-side I watch the bright em - bers,

Lit - tle we thought of the lone win - ter days, Lit - tle we thought of the
 Like a gray cur - tain, the rain fall - ing down, Hid from my thought of the
 Then all my heart flies to Eng - land and thee, Crav - in' to know if my

bush of the star - shine O - ver the moun - tain, the bluffs and the brays! Then
 path o'er the o - cean, Far, far a - way, where my Cel - leen had flown. Then
 dar lin' re - main - bers, Or if her thoughts may be cross - in' to me. Then

come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Come back a - gain to the land of thy birth,

cres. *molto cres.*

Come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, And its Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.

Down By The Old Mill Stream.

Andante espressivo.

TELL TAYLOR.

The piano introduction is in G major, 2/4 time, marked 'Andante espressivo' and 'Slow'. It features a melody in the right hand with a descending line and a bass line with a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The piece ends with a 'dim.' (diminuendo) marking.

My darl - ing I am dream - ing, _____ of the days gone
The old mill wheel is si - lent, _____ and has fall - en

by, down, When you and I were sweet-hearts, _____ be -
The old oak tree has with - ered, _____ and

neath the sum - mer sky; Your hair has turned to
lies there on the ground; While you and I are

sil - ver, the gold has fad - ed too; But
sweet - hearts, the same as days of yore; Al -

still I will re - mem - ber, where I first met you. —
though we've been to - geth - er, for - ty years and more. —

CHORUS. Valse lento
pp - ff (Not fast.)
Down by the old mill stream, — where I first

met you, — With your eyes of blue, — dressed in

Down by the old mill stream 2,

ging - ham too, ——— It was there I

knew, ———, that you loved me true, ——— You were six-
very slow
With the voice

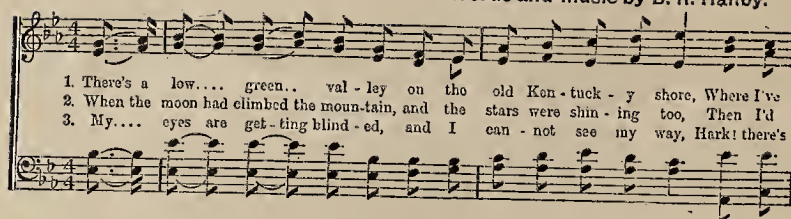
teen, ——— my vil-lage queen, ——— by the old
rit.

mill stream, Down by the stream. ———
f *D.C.*

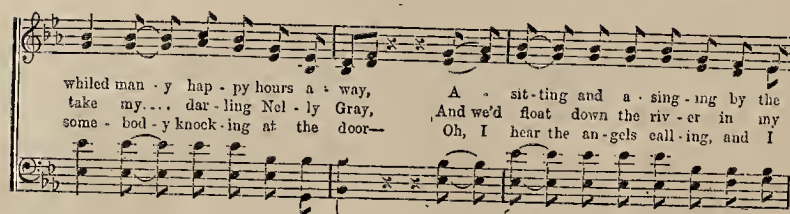
Down by the old mill stream 2

DARLING NELLY GRAY.

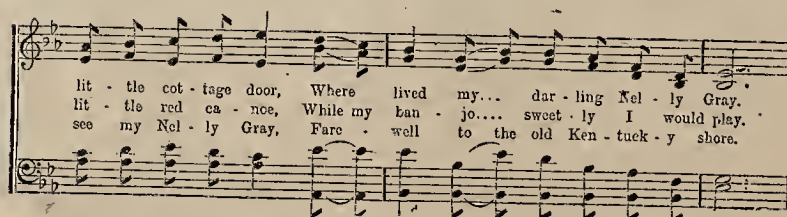
Words and music by B. R. Hanby.



1. There's a low... green.. val - ley on the old Ken - tuck - y shore, Where I've
 2. When the moon had climbed the moun - tain, and the stars were shin - ing too, Then I'd
 3. My... eyes are get - ting blind - ed, and I can - not see my way, Hark! there's

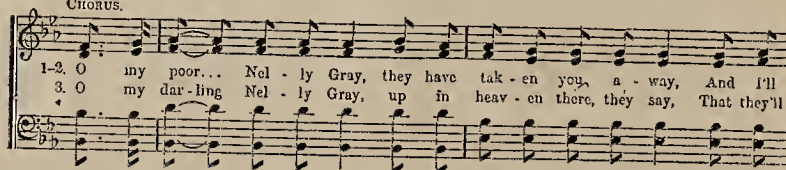


whiled man - y hap - py hours a - way, A - sit - ting and a - sing - ing by the
 take my... dar - ling Nel - ly Gray, And we'd float down the riv - er in my
 some - bod - y knock - ing at the door— Oh, I hear the an - gels call - ing, and I

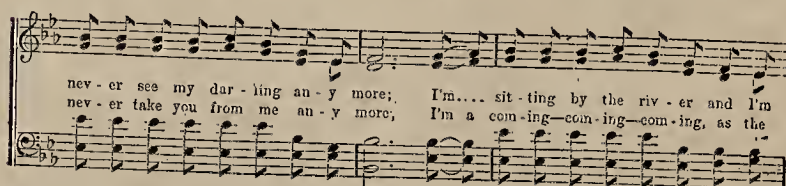


lit - tle cot - tage door, Where lived my... dar - ling Nel - ly Gray.
 lit - tle red ca - noe, While my lan - jo... sweet - ly I would play.
 see my Nel - ly Gray, Fare - well to the old Ken - tuck - y shore.

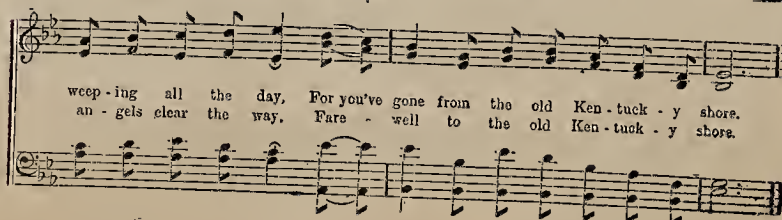
CHORUS.



1-2. O my poor... Nel - ly Gray, they have tak - en you, a - way, And I'll
 3. O my dar - ling Nel - ly Gray, up in heav - en there, they say, That they'll



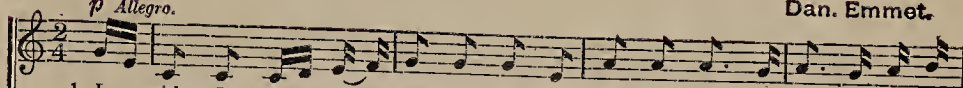
nev - er see my dar - ling an - y more; I'm... sit - ting by the riv - er and I'm
 nev - er take you from me an - y more; I'm a com - ing - com - ing - com - ing, as the



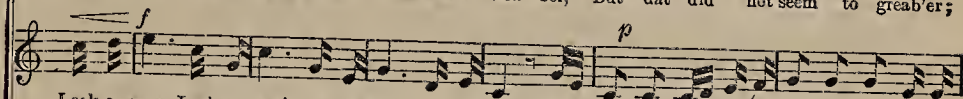
weep - ing all the day, For you've gone from the old Ken - tuck - y shore.
 an - gels clear the way, Fare - well to the old Ken - tuck - y shore.

DIXIE LAND

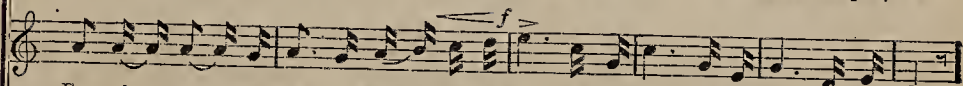
Dan. Emmet.

p Allegro.

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am not for-got-ten,
 2. Old Mis-sus mar-ry "Will-de-wea-ber," Will-ium was a gay de-ceab-er;
 3. His face was sharp as a butcher's clea-ber, But dat did not seem to greab'er;

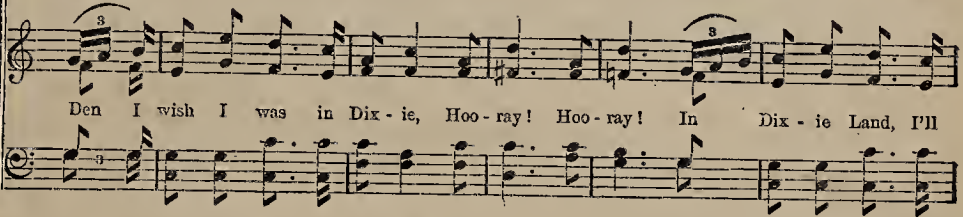


Look a-way, Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. In Dix-ie Land whar I was born in,
 Look a-way, Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. But when he put his arm a-round'er, He
 Look a-way, Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. Old Mis-sus act-ed the fool-ish part, And

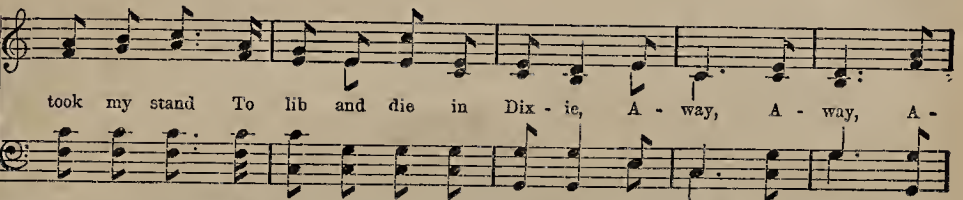


Ear-ly on one fro-s-ty morn-in, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
 smiled as fierce as a for-ty pounder, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
 died for a man dat broke her heart, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.

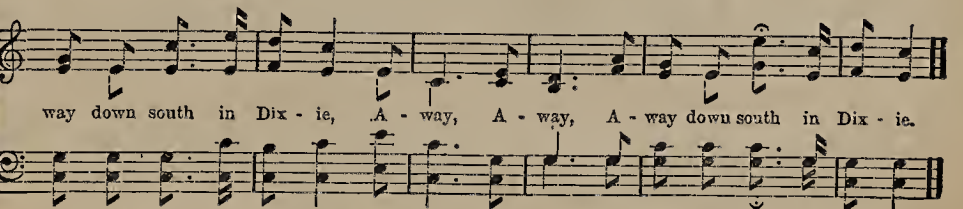
CHORUS



Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dix-ie Land, I'll



took my stand To lib and die in Dix-ie, A-way, A-way, A-



way down south in Dix-ie, A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie.

4 Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
 And all de gals dat want to kiss us;
 Look away! etc.,
 But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
 Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
 Look away! etc.,

5 Dar's bnek-wheat cakes an' Ingen' batter,
 Makes you fat or a little fatter;
 Look away! etc.,
 Den hoe it down an scratch your grabble,
 To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
 Look away! etc.,

Drink to me only with thine Eyes.

Ben Jonson.

Andante.

Anonymous.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with
 2 I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon' - ring

p

mine, — Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for
 thee — As giv - ing it a hope that there It could not wi - ther

wine: — The thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth ask a drink di -
 be, — But thou there-on didst on - ly breathe And sent'st it back to

cresc *f* *rall*

a tempo
 vine, — But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine! —
 me; — Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it - self but thee! —

a tempo

DEAR EVELINA, SWEET EVELINA.

Allegretto, mf

1. Way down in the mead-ow where the lil-y first blows, Where the wind from the
 2. She's fair like a rose, like a lamb she is meek, And she nev-er was
 3. Ev-e-li-na and I one fine eve-ning in June Took a walk all a-
 4. Three years have gone by, and I've not got a dollar, Ev-e-li-na still

mf

mount-ains ne'er suf-fers the rose; Lives fond Ev-e-li-na, the sweet lit-tle
 known to put paint on her cheek; In the most grace-ful curls hang her ra-ven black
 lone by the light of the moon, The plan-ets all above, for the heav-ens were
 lives in that green gras-sy haller, Al-though I am fat-ed to-mar-ry her

CHORUS, f

dove, The pride of the val-ley, the girl that I love.
 hair. And she nev-er re-quires per-fum-er-y there.
 clear, And I felt round the heart tro-mendous-ly queer } Dear Ev-e-li-na
 never, I've sworn that I'll love her for ev-er and ever.

f

sweet Ev-e-li-na, My love for thee shall nev-er, nev-er die; Dear Ev-e-

rit

li-na, sweet Ev-e-li-na, My love for thee shall nev-er, nev-er die.

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME.

(MIXED VOICES.)

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

p Moderato

1. Do they miss me at home do they miss me? 'Twould be an as sur ance most
 2. When twi-light ap-proach es, the sen son That ev er is sa cred to
 3. Do they miss me at home, do they miss me At morn ing, at noon, or at

dear To know that this mo ment some loved one... Were
 song. Does some one re peat my name o ver... And
 night? And in ger- one gloom y shade round them That

sav ing "I wish he were here." To feel that the group at the fire side Were
 sigh that I tar ry so long? And is there a chorl in the mu sic That's
 on ly my pres ence can light? And joys less in vit ing ly wel come, And

think ing of me as I roam. Oh... yes, 'twould be joy be yond meas ure To
 miss'd when my voice is a way. And a chord in each heart that a wak eth... Re
 pleas ures less hale than be fore. Be cause one is miss'd from the cir cle... Be

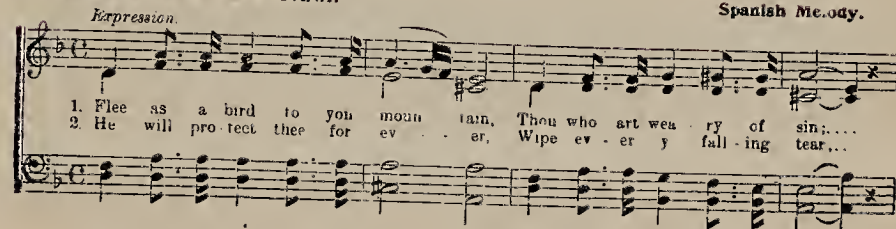
know that they miss me at home. To know that they miss me at home
 gret at my wea ri some stay... Re gret at my wea ri some stay?
 cause I am with them no more. Be cause I am with them no more?

FLEE AS A BIRD.

Words by MARY S. B. DANA.

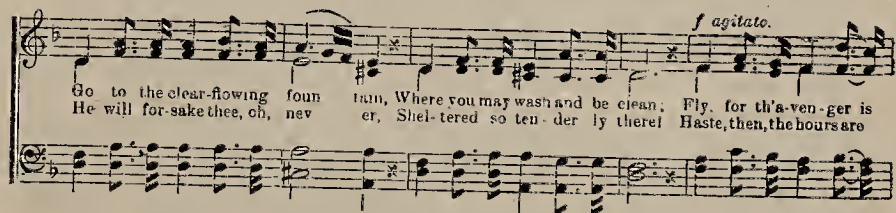
Spanish Melody.

Expression.




1. Flee as a bird to yon moun-tain, Thou who art wea-ry of sin;...
 2. He will pro-tect thee for ev-er, Wipe ev-er y fall-ing tear...

f agitato.



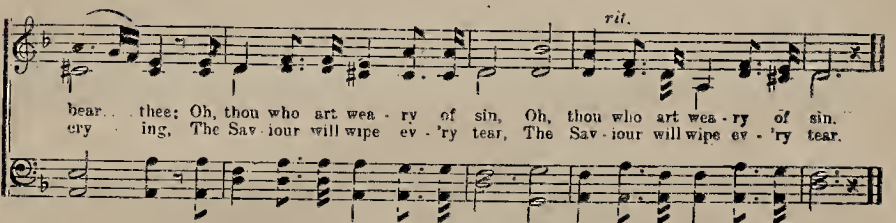
Go to the clear-flowing foun-tain, Where you may wash and be clean; Fly, for th'a-ven-ger is
 He will for-sake thee, oh, nev-er, Shel-tered so ten-der ly there! Haste, then, the hours are

a tempo.



near... thee, Call, and the Sav-our will hear... thee, He on His bo-som will
 fly-ing, Spend not the mo-ments in sigh-ing, Cease from your sor-row and

rit.

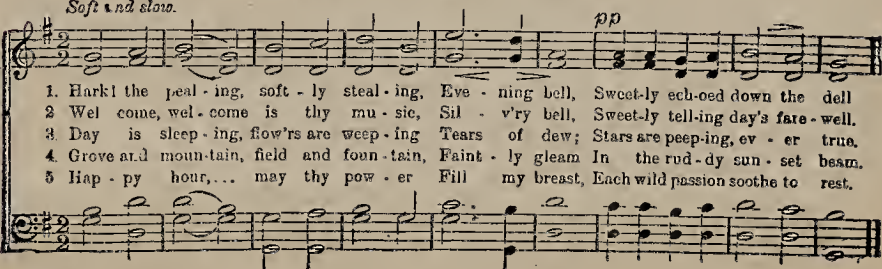


hear... thee; Oh, thou who art wea-ry of sin, Oh, thou who art wea-ry of sin.
 cry-ing, The Sav-our will wipe ev-'ry tear, The Sav-our will wipe ev-'ry tear.

THE EVENING BELL.

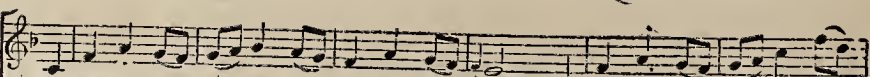
Soft and slow.

pp

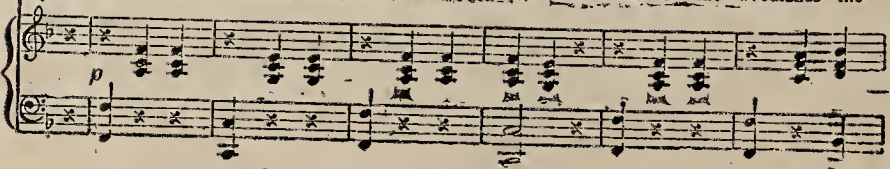


1. Hark! the peal-ing, soft-ly steal-ing, Eve-ning bell, Sweet-ly ech-oed down the dell
 2. Wel-come, wel-come is thy mu-sic, Sil-very bell, Sweet-ly tell-ing day's fare-well.
 3. Day is sleep-ing, flow'rs are weep-ing Tears of dew; Stars are peep-ing, ev-er true.
 4. Grove and moun-tain, field and foun-tain, Faint-ly gleam In the red-dy sun-set beam.
 5. Hap-py hour, ... may thy pow-er Fill my breast, Each wild passion soothe to rest.

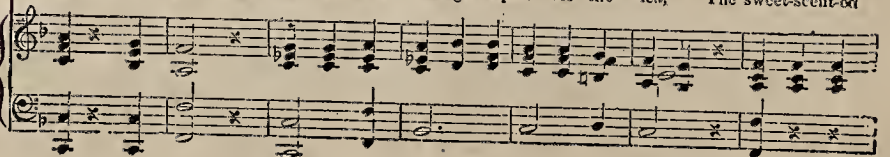
FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

BURNS.
Andante.

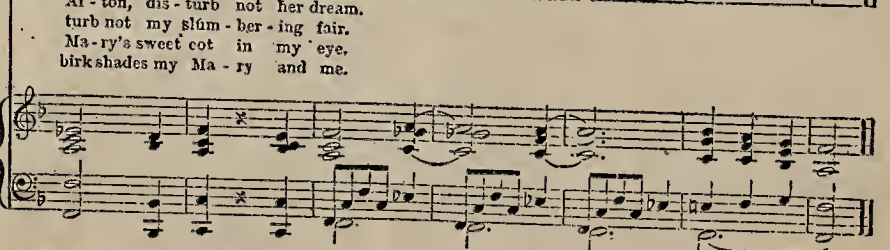
1. Flow gently, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green braes, Flow gently, I'll sing thee a
 2. Thoustock-dove, whose ech-o re-sounds through the glen, Ye wild whist-ling blackbirds in
 3. How lof-ty, sweet Af-ton, thy neigh-bour-ing hills, Far marked with the cours-es of
 4. How pleasant thy banks and green val-leys be-low, Where wild in the woodlands the



- song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a-sleep by thy mur-mur-ing stream, Flow gently, sweet
 yon thorn-y den, Thou green-crest-ed lap-wing, thy screaming for-bear, I charge you dis-
 clear-wind-ing rills! There dai-ly I wan-der as morn-ris-es high, My flocks and my
 prim-ros-es blow! There oft as mild evening creeps o-ver the lea, The sweet-scent-ed



- Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.
 turb not my slum-ber-ing fair.
 Ma-ry's sweet cot in my eye.
 birkshades my Ma-ry and me.



- 5 Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave
 As gath'ring sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.
 6 Flow gently, sweet Afton, amang thy green braes,
 Flow gently, sweet piper, the theme of my lays:
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

God Save the King.

Moderato.

God save our gra-cious King, Long live our no-ble King, God save the King, Send him vic-
 O Lord our God! a-rise, Scat-ter his en-e-mies, And make them fall, Con-found their
 Thy choic-est gifts in store. On him be pleased to pour, Long may he reign! May he de-

to-ri-ous, Hap-py and glor-i-ous, Long to reign o-ver us, God save the King
 pol-i-tics, Frustrate their knav-ish tricks, On him our hopes we fix, God save us all!
 fend our laws, And ev-er give us cause, To sing with heart and voice, God save the King!

GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES!

Sostenuto *f* Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

1. Good - night la - dies!.. Good - night, la - dies!.. Good - night, la - dies!..
 2. Fare - well, la - dies!.. Fare - well, la - dies!.. Fare - well, la - dies!..
 3. Sweet dreams, la - dies!.. Sweet dreams, la - dies!.. Sweet dreams, la - dies!..

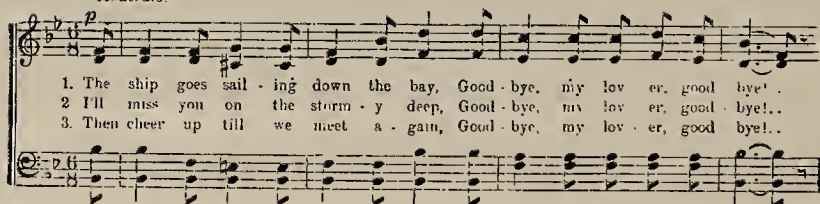
Allegro.

We're goin' to leave you now. Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long,

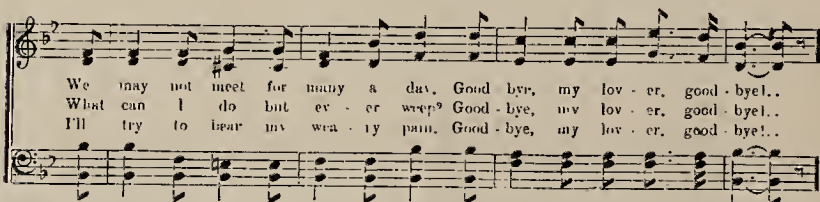
rall. *rit.* *Repeat pp.*

roll a - long, roll a - long, Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, O'er the dark blue sea.

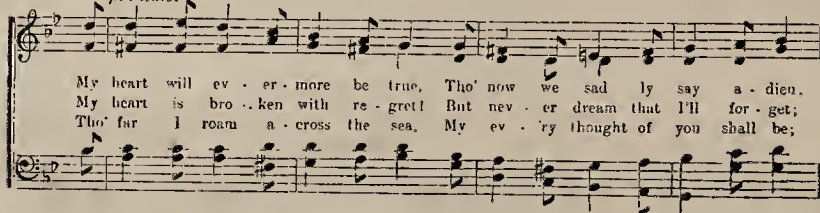
GOOD-BYE, MY LOVER, GOOD-BYE!

Moderato.


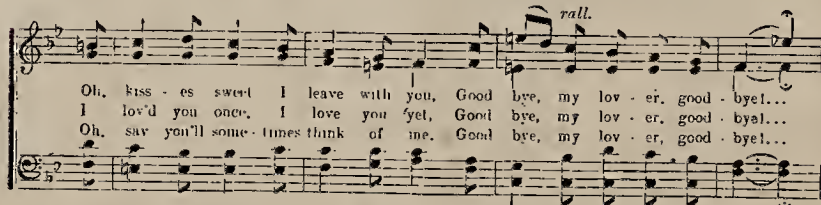
1. The ship goes sail - ing down the bay, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!
 2. I'll miss you on the storm - y deep, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!
 3. Then cheer up till we meet a - gain, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!



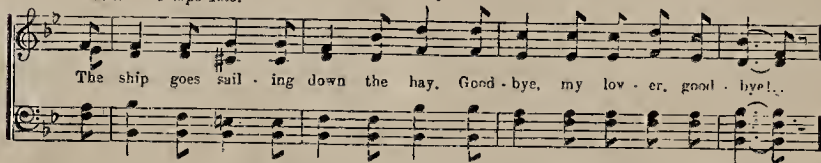
We may not meet for many a day, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!
 What can I do but ev - er weep? Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!
 I'll try to bear my wra - y pain, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!

piu lento.


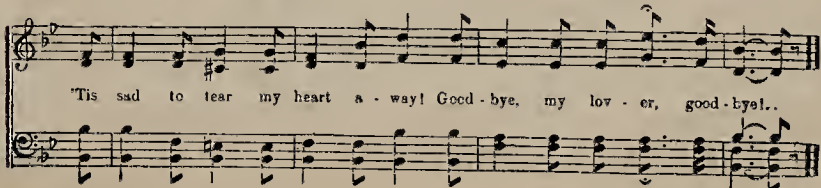
My heart will ev - er more be true, Tho' now we sad - ly say a - dien.
 My heart is bro - ken with re - gret! But nev - er dream that I'll for - get;
 Tho' far I roam a - cross the sea, My ev - 'ry thought of you shall be;

rall.


Oh, kiss - es sweet I leave with you, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!
 I lov'd you once, I love you yet, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!
 Oh, say you'll some - times think of me, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!

CHORUS *Tempo Mo.*


The ship goes sail - ing down the bay, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!



'Tis sad to tear my heart a - way! Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O.

150000.

Allegro.

PIANO. *mf*

- | | | | | | |
|----|---------------------------------|-----------------|--|----|------|
| 1. | There's nought but care | on ev-'ry han', | In ev-'ry hour that pass-es, | O! | What |
| 2. | The world - ly race | may rich-es | chase, An' rich-es still may fly them, | O! | An' |
| 3. | Gie me a can - tie hour | at e'en, | My arms a - bout my dear - ie, | O! | As' |
| 4. | And you sae douce, wia sneer at | this, | Ye're nought but senseless as - es. | O! | The |

sig - ni - fies the life o' man, An' t'wero na' for the lass - es, O!
though at last they catch them fast, Their hearts can ne'er en - joy them, O!
world - ly cares and world - ly men May a' gae tap - sal - tee - rie, O!
wis - est man the world e'er saw, He dea - ly lo'ed the lass - es, O!

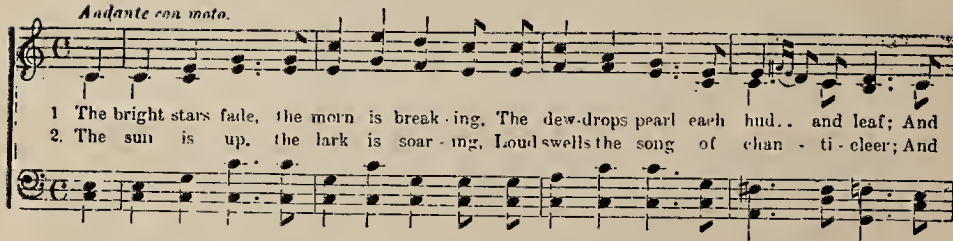
Green grow the rash-es, O! green grow the rash-es, O! The sweet-est hours that

ere I spent Were spent a-mang the lass-es, Ol

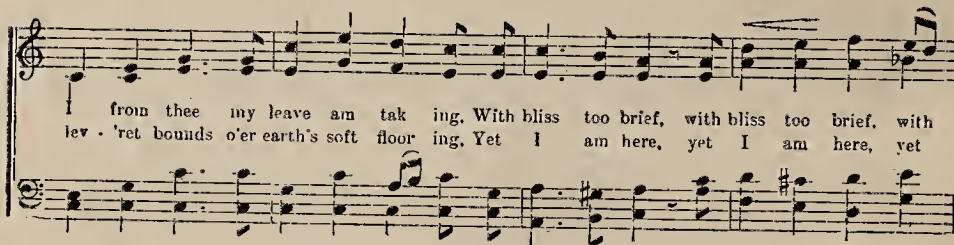
- 5 Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest works she classes, O:
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow the rushes, O! etc.

GOOD-BYE SWEETHEART.

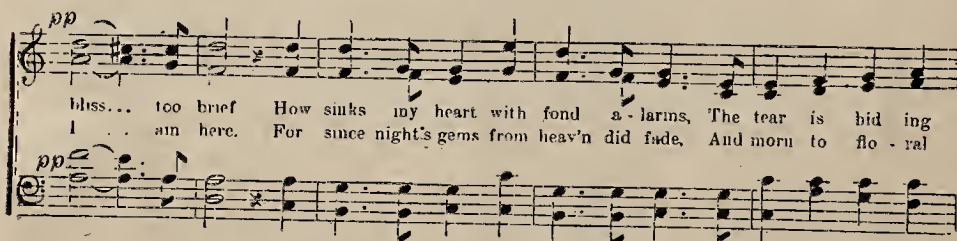
J. L. HATTON.

Andante con moto.


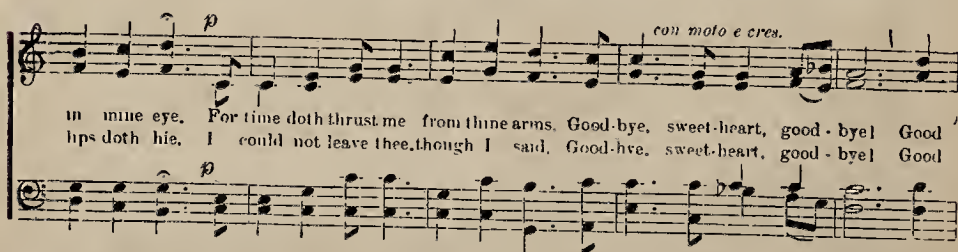
1 The bright stars fade, the morn is break-ing, The dew-drops pearl each bud.. and leaf; And
2 The sun is up, the lark is soar-ing, Loud swells the song of chan-ti-cleer; And



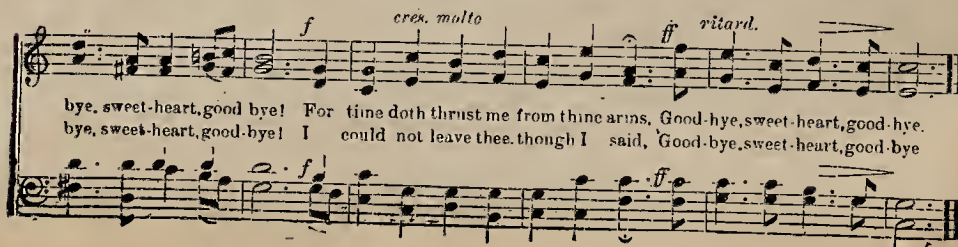
I from thee my leave am tak-ing, With bliss too brief, with bliss too brief, with
lev-'ret bounds o'er earth's soft floor-ing, Yet I am here, yet I am here, yet



bliss... too brief How sinks my heart with fond a-larms, The tear is bid-ing
I am here, For since night's gems from heav'n did fade, And morn to flo-ral



in mine eye, For time doth thrust me from thine arms, Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye! Good-
lips doth hie, I could not leave thee, though I said, Good-hye, sweet-heart, good-bye! Good



bye, sweet-heart, good-bye! For time doth thrust me from thine arms, Good-hye, sweet-heart, good-bye.
bye, sweet-heart, good-bye! I could not leave thee, though I said, Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye

Gently, Lord, O, Gently Lead Us.

by W. T. PORTER.

Andante Largo.

Gent - ly, Lord, O, gent - ly lead us Through this vale of tears; ———
 In the hour of pain and an - guish, When death draws near, ———

ad lib.

Thro' the chan - ges thou'st de - creed us, Till the last great change ap - pears. ———
 Suf - fer not our hearts to lan - guish, - Nor our souls to fear.

Con precisione.

ad lib.

When tempta - tion's darts as - sail us, When in de - vious paths we stray
 Then, when mor - tal life is end - ed, Let us be a - mong the blest,

a tempo.

molto espressivo.

Let thy goodness nev - er fail us, Show us thy way. ———
 And by an - gel hands at - tend - ed, There we shall rest. ———

HUNTINGTOWER; OR "WHEN YE GANG AWA, JAMIE."

Andantino.
Piano. p dolce.

1. JEANIE. When ye gang a - wa, Ja - mie, Far a - cross the sea, laddie;
 2. JAMIE. I'll send ye a braw new gown, Jea - nie, The braw - est in the town, las - sie, And
 3. JEANIE. That's nae gift a - va, Ja - mie, Silk and gowd and a', laddie, There's
 4. JAMIE. When I come back a - gain, Jea - nie, Frae a for - eign land, lassie, I'll

p *cres.*

When ye gang to Ger - ma - nie, What will ye send to me, lad - die?
 it shall be o' silk and gowd, Wi' Val - en - iennes set round, las - sie.
 ne'er a gown in a' the land I'd like when ye're a - wa, lad - die.
 bring wi' me a gal - lant gay, To be your ain gude - man, las - sie.

p

dolce.

JEANIE. Be my gudeman yoursel', Jamie,
 Marry me yoursel', laddie,
 And tak' me ower to Germanie,
 Wi' you, at bame to dwell, laddie.

JAMIE. I dinna ken how that wad do, Jeanie,
 I dinna see how that can be, lassie,
 For I've a wife and bairnies three,
 And I'm no sure how ye'd agree, lassie.

JEANIE. Ye should hae telt me that in time, Jamie,
 Ye should hae telt me that langsyne, laddie,
 For had I kent o' your fause heart,
 Ye ne'er had gotten mine, laddie.

JAMIE. Your een were like a spell, Jeanie,
 Mair sweet than I could tell, lassie,
 That ilka day bewitch'd me sae,
 I couldna help mysel', lassie.

JEANIE. Gae back to your wife and hame, Jamie,
 Gae back to your bairnies three, laddie,
 And I will pray they ne'er may thole
 A braken heart like me, laddie.

JAMIE. Dry that tearfu' e'e, Jeanie,
 Grieve nae mair for me, lassie,
 I've neither wife nor bairnies three,
 And I'll wed nane but thee, lassie.

JEANIE. Think weel, for fear you rue, Jamie,
 Ye'll no get ane mair true, laddie;
 But I have neither gowd nor lands,
 To be a match for you, laddie.

JAMIE. Blair in Athol's thine, lassie,
 Fair Dunkeld is mine, lassie,
 Saint Johnstoun's bower, and Huntingtower,
 And o' that's mine is thine, lassie.

THE HEART BOWED DOWN.

BALFE.

Moderato

1. The heart bowed down by waight of woe, To weak - est hopes will.
 2. The mind will in its worst de - spair, Still pon - der o'er the...

cling; To thought and im - pulse while they flow, That
 past; On mo - ments of de - light that were Too

can no com - fort bring. That can, that, can no com - fort..
 beau - ti - ful..... to last, That were too... beau - ti - ful..... to....

bring, To those ex - cit - ing scenes will blend, O'er
 last; To long de - part - ed years ex - tend. Its

pleas - ure's path - way thrown; But mem - 'ry is the
 vis - ions with.... them flown; For mem - 'ry is the

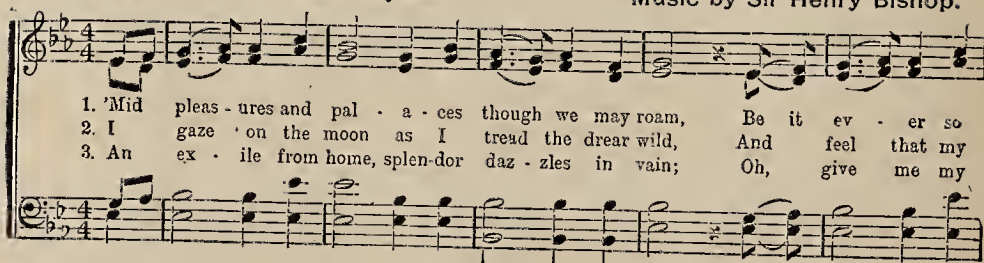
on - ly friend That grief can call.... its own, That

grief can call its own... That grief can call its own.

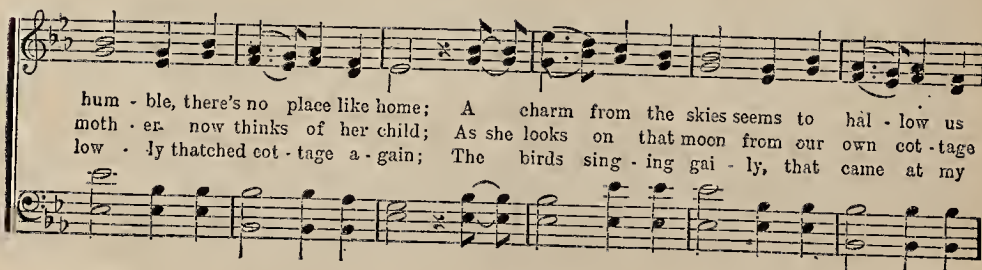
HOME, SWEET HOME.

Words by John Howard Payne.

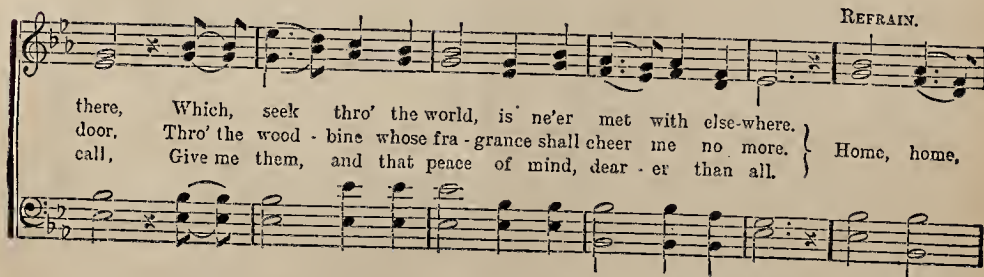
Music by Sir Henry Bishop.



1. Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
 2. I gaze 'on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
 3. An ex - ile from home, splen - dor daz - zles in vain; Oh, give me my



hum - ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hál - low us
 moth - er now thinks of her child; As she looks on that moon from our own cot - tage
 low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing gai - ly, that came at my



REFRAIN.
 there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where.
 door, Thro' the wood - bine whose fra - grance shall cheer me no more. } Home, home,
 call, Give me them, and that peace of mind, dear - er than all.



sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.

In Time of Roses.

Semplice con affetto, (2^d strofa con espress. beatificata)

Louise Reichardt

VOICE

In the time of ros - es, Hope, thou weary heart!
In the time of ros - es, Wear-y heart, re joice!

PIANO

pp

Spring a balm dis - clos - es For the keen-est smart.
Ere the sum-mer clos - es Comes the longed-for Voice.

Tho' thy grief over - cometh thee Tho' the win-ter's gloom,
Let not death ap - pal thee, For, be-yond the tomb,

espress. *poco sostenuto*

Thou shalt thrust it from thee, When the ros - es bloom.
God Him-self shall call thee, When the ros es bloom.

f

In Cellar Cold.

Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. In cel - lar cold I

FINE. *f*

sit and hold my - self from cares and wor - ries, The rhen - ish wine, so old and fine, in

gob - lets this way hur - ries; 'Tis time to laugh and quaff and chaff, 'tis wis - dom to my

think - ing, To fill my glass and emp - ty it, in drink - ing, drink - ing, drink - ing.

D.C.

2. A woman's love may always prove a source of care and sorrow,
She may deceive, though you'll believe her word again to-morrow.
The good Rhine wine is truth itself, at least it's to my thinking,
'Twixt love and wine, I always side with drinking, drinking, drinking.
3. There let it pass, I fill my glass, though sorrow's cloud hang o'er me,
Content with this, I fail to miss the want of love and glory.
I boldly say, the finest way to keep the heart from sinking,
Care drive away, it cannot stay, when drinking, drinking, drinking.

I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls.

M. W. BALFE.

1. I dreamt that I dwell in mar - ble halls, With vas - sals and serfs at my side,
 2. I dreamt that sul - tors sought my hand, That knights, up - on bend - ed knee,

..... And of all who as - sem - bled with - in those walls, That I was the hope and the pride;
 And with vows no ma - den heart could with - stand, They pledg'd their faith to me;

..... I had rich - es too great... to count, could boast 'Of a high an - ces - tral name;
 And I dreamt that one of that no - ble host Came forth my hand to claim;

..... } But I al - so dreamt, which pleas'd me most, That you lov'd me still the same, That you
 } lov'd me, you lov'd... me still... the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd... me still... the same.

8

I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS.

CLARIBEL.

Slowly. Con espres.

1. I can - not sing the old songs, I sang long years a - go, For
 2. I can not sing the old songs, Their charin is sad and deep; Their
 3. I can - not sing the old songs, For vi - sions come a - gain Of

heart and voice would fail me, And fool - ish tears would flow; For
 mel - o - dies would wak en Old sor - rows from their sleep; And
 gold - en dreams de part - ed And years of wea - ry pain; Per -

by - gone hours come o'er my heart, With each fa - mil - iar strain, I
 tho' all un - for - got ten still, And sad - ly sweet they be,.... I
 haps when earth - ly fet - ters shall Have set my spir - it free,.... My

can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain;
 can - not sing the old songs, They are too dear to me;
 voice may know the old songs, For all e - ter - ni - ty; My

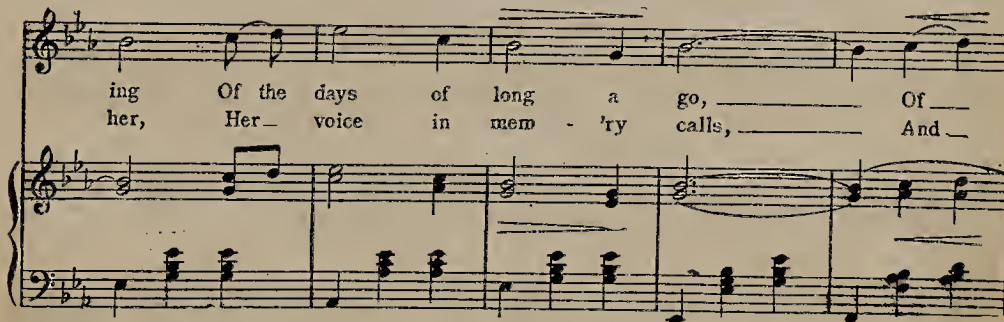
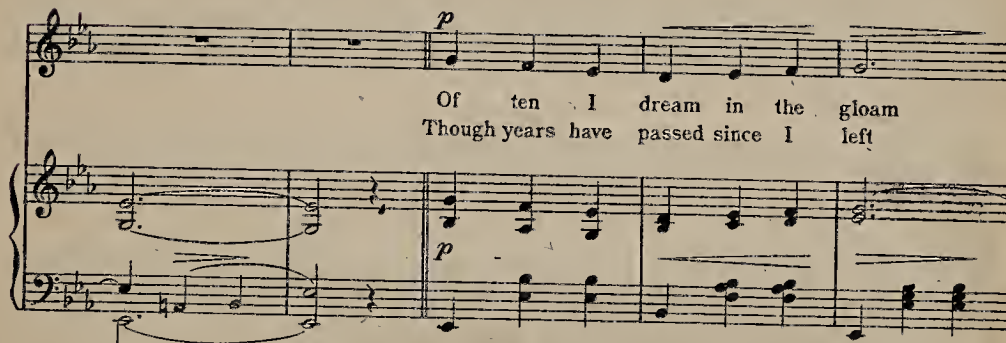
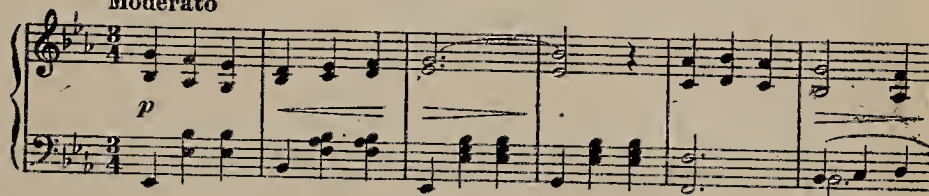
can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain.
 can - not sing the old songs, They are too dear to me.
 voice may know the old songs, For all e - ter - ni -

I Love The Name Of Mother

Words by
CONNOR LYNN

Music by
JOHN W. GRIBBEN

Moderato



one who's kind and lov - ing, Whose true love no change will
still ' the name of Moth - er, Ma - ny a child - hood scene re -

know. Rea - dy to laugh when you're hap - py, To
calls. Though far a - way I have wan - dered, Yet

cheer you when you're blue, Al-though oth - ers may for
soon I shall re - turn, To the moth - er heart that

ger you, She al - ways will be true.
loves me, The moth - er arms that yearn.

REFRAIN

p a tempo

I love the name of Mother, She's all the world to me.

p a tempo

marc.

mf

In all the land there's no other, Who's half so sweet as she.

rit.

mf

rit.

p a tempo

She's always gentle and loving, True as the stars above,

p a tempo

marc.

f cresc.

mf *p rit.*

There is no other like Mother, dear, Mother's the name I love.

f cresc.

mf *p rit.*

ISE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE.

C. A. WHITE.

ALLEGRETTO.

ALLEGRETTO. Not too fast.

1. Ise gwine back to Dix-ie. No more Ise gwine to wander. My heart's turn'd back to
 2. Ise boed in fields of cotton. Ise work'd up on the riv-er. I used to think if
 3. I'm trav'lling back to Dix-ie. My step is slow and fee-ble. I pray the Lord to

Dix-ie. I can't stay here no longer. I miss de ole plan-ta-tion. My
 I got off. I'd go back there no nev-er. But time has changed the old man His
 help me. And lead me from all e-vil. And should my strength for-sake me. Then

home and my re-lax-tion. My heart's turn'd back to Dixie. And I must go.
 head is bend-ing low... His heart's turn'd back to Dixie. And he must go.
 kind friends come and take me. My heart's turn'd back to Dixie. And I must go.

colla voce.

CHORUS.

PRANO.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

PIANO.

Ise gwine back to Dix-ie Ise gwine back to Dix-ie Ise

Ise gwine back to Dix-ie Ise gwine back to Dix-ie Ise

Ise gwine back to Dix-ie Ise gwine back to Dix-ie Ise

Ise gwine back to Dix-ie Ise gwine back to Dix-ie Ise

gwine where the orange blossoms grow..... For I hear the chil_dren calling I

gwine where the orange blossoms grow..... For I hear the chil_dren calling I

gwine where the orange blossoms grow..... For I hear the chil_dren calling I

gwine where the orange blossoms grow..... For I hear the chil_dren calling I

gwine where the orange blossoms grow..... For I hear the chil_dren calling I

ad lib.

see their sad tears fall-ing, My heart's turn'd back to Dix-ie, And I must go.

see their sad tears fall-ing, My heart's turn'd back to Dix-ie, And I must go.

see their sad tears fall-ing, My heart's turn'd back to Dix-ie, And I must go.

see their sad tears fall-ing, My heart's turn'd back to Dix-ie, And I must go.

colla voc.

ON THE ROAD TO DIXIE.

I'm Wearing My Heart Away for You.

Words and Music by CHAS. K. HARRIS.

Arranged by JOS. CLAUDE.

Andante.



1. I won - der where you are to - night, my love, As
 2. The bees are dron - ing in the wild - wood, love, The

all a - lone I sit and dream. I
 flowers their ti - ny heads bow low. The

won - der if your heart's with me to - night, And
 birds are sing - ing soft and plain - tive - ly, They

if the same stars for you gleam. I some - times fear there is an -
 miss your dear kind face I know. From o'er the mea - dow comes a

oth - er, love, Some fair - er face has won your heart; But
faint per-fume, It whis-pers gent - ly, "Love you're true;" But

Ah, I hope the day will nev - er come, The day that we two must live a -
Oh, my dar-ling, if you on - ly knew, I'm wear - ing my heart a - way for

CHORUS.

part.
you. I'm wear - ing my heart a-way for you, It

cries a - loud, "My love be true;" I dream of you by night, I

long for you by day, I'm wear - ing my heart a-way for you.

I will Love You when the Silver Threads are Shining Among the Gold

Words by
ROGER LEWIS.

Music by
F. HENRI KLINKMANN.

Andte. modto.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, 4/4 time, marked *Andte. modto.* and *mf*. The introduction features a flowing piano melody in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand. The vocal melody enters in the second measure. The lyrics are: "At the or-gan, dear, last ev'-ning, You sang me that old time song, If life's sum-mer days were o-ver, And up-on your locks I'd see 'Sil-ver threads a-mong the gold.' And as I sat there a dream-ing Of the 'Sil-ver threads a-mong the gold.' I would be as true and faith-ful, As I sun-ny gold-en past, I could see you as of old. That promised you to be, Long a-go in days of old. In my". The score includes piano accompaniment throughout, with dynamics such as *p* and *mf*. The piece concludes with a final piano flourish.

mf

p

rall

At the or-gan, dear, last ev'-ning, You sang me that old time song,
If life's sum-mer days were o-ver, And up-on your locks I'd see
"Sil-ver threads a-mong the gold." And as I sat there a dream-ing Of the
"Sil-ver threads a-mong the gold." I would be as true and faith-ful, As I
sun-ny gold-en past, I could see you as of old. That
promised you to be, Long a-go in days of old. In my

old time song en-thralled me With its plain-tive mel-o-dy, And you
heart it's al-ways sum-mer, Where love's flow-ers bloom a-new, And I'll

seemed to ask me Will I con-stant be; Then with
al-ways keep them Bloom-ing, dear, for you; Tho' we

all my heart I an-swered, "Yes, through all o-ter-ni-ty;
both grow old and fee-ble, I will be stead-fast and true

Just the same, dear, as of old."
Just the same, dear, as of old.

REFRAIN

I will love you when the sil - ver threads are shin - ing 'mong the gold, Just the

mf

same as when love's sto - ry first was told. I will

al - ways want you near me in my arms, dear, to en - fold, When the

ten

rall e dim
sil - ver threads are shin - ing 'mong the gold. *D.C.*

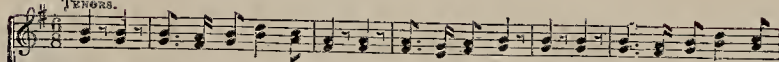
rall e dim

D.C.

AM I NOT FONDLY THINE OWN?

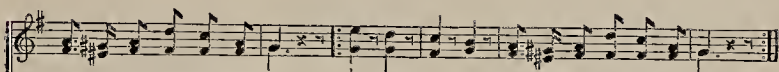
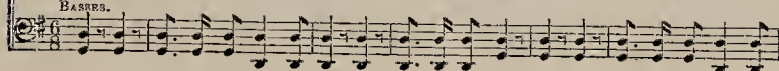
Andante.

TENORS.

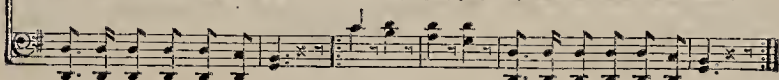


1. Thou, thou reign'st in this bo-som, There, there, hast thou thy throne, Thou, thou know'st that I love thee,
 2. Then, then e'en as I love thee, Say, say, wilt thou love me? Tho'ts, tho'ts ten-der and true, love,
 3. Speak, speak, love, I im-plore thee, Say, say hope shall be thine; Thou, thou know'st that I love thee,

BASSES.

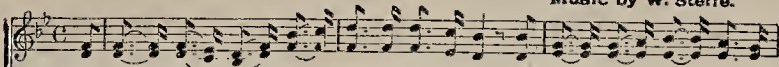


- Am I not fond-ly thine own? Yes, yes, yes, yes, Am I not fond-ly thine own?
 Say, wilt thou cher-ish for me? Yes, yes, yes, yes, Say, wilt thou cher-ish for me?
 Say but that thou wilt be mine! Yes, yes, yes, yes, Say but that thou wilt be mine!

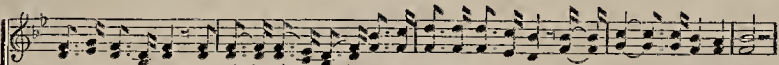
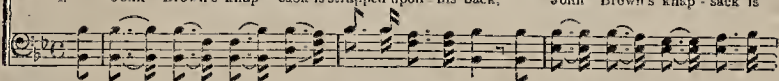


JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

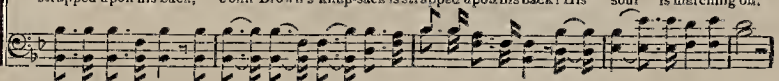
Music by W. Steffe.



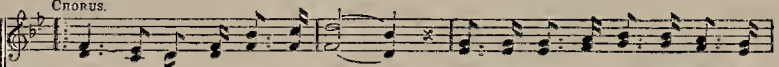
1. John Brown's bo-dy lies a-mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's bo-dy lies a-
 2. The stars of heav-en are look-ing kind-ly down, The stars of heav-en are
 3. He's gone to be a soldier in the arm-y of the Lord, He's gone to be a soldier in the
 1. John Brown's knap-sack is strapped upon his back, John Brown's knap-sack is



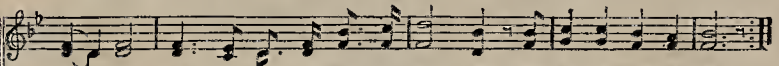
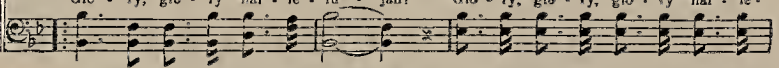
- mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's bo-dy lies a-mould'ring in the grave, His soul goes marching on!
 look-ing kind-ly down, The stars of heav-en are looking kindly down, On the grave of old John Brown
 arm-y of the Lord, He's gone to be a soldier in the arm-y of the Lord! His soul is marching on!
 strapped upon his back, John Brown's knap-sack is strapped upon his back! His soul is marching on!



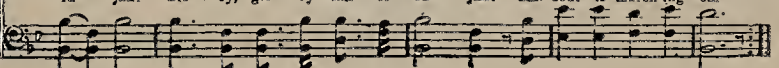
Chorus.



- Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-



- lu-jah! Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! His soul is march-ing on.



JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.
Andante moderato.

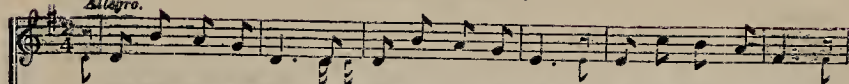
1. Why weep ye by the
2. Now let this wil - fu'
3. ' A chain o' gold ye
4. The kirk was deck'd at

tide, ladye? Why weep ye by the tide? I'll wed ye to my youngest son, And ye shall be his
grief be done, And dry that cheek so pale, Young Frank is chief of Er-ring-ton, And lord of Lang-ley
shall not lack, Nor braid to bind your hair, Nor mettled bound, nor managed hawk, Ner palfrey fresh and
morning tide, The taper glimmer'd fair, The priest and bridegroom wait the bride, And dame and knight are

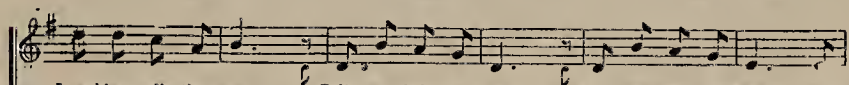
bride. And ye shall be his bride, la - dye, Sae comely to be seen—But aye she loot the
dale. His step is first in peace-ful ha', His sword in bat - tle keen—But aye she loot the
fair; And you, the foremost o' them a', Shall ride our for-est queen—But aye she loot the
there. They sought her baith by bower and ho', The la - dy was not seen; She's o'er the bor - der,

tears down fa', For Jock o' Ha - zel-dean.
tears down fa', For Jock o' Ha - zel-dean.
tears down fa', For Jock o' Ha - zel-dean.
and a - wa' Wi' Jock o' Ha - zel-dean.

JINGLE BELLS.

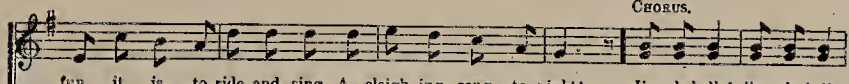
Solo.
Allegro.


1. Dash-ing thro' the snow, In a one-horse o - pen sleigh, O'er the fields we go,
2. A day or two a-go, I thought I'd take a ride, And soon Miss Fan-nie Bright Was
Now the ground is white, Go it while you're young; Take the girls to - night, And

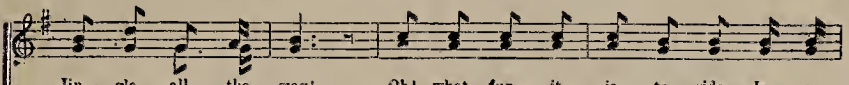


Laughing all the way; Bells on bob-tail ring, Mak-ing spir-its bright; Waa
seat-ed by my side; The horse was lean and lank, Mis-for-tune seem'd his lot; He
sing this sleighing song; Just get a bob-tail'd bay, Two-for-ty for his speed; Then

Chorus.



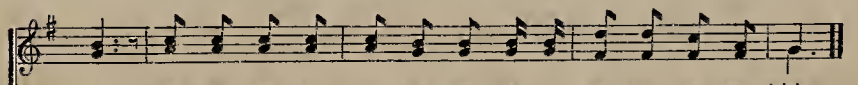
fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to-night! Jin-gle bells! jin-gle bells!
got in-to a drift-ed bank, And we, we got up-sot, Jin-gle bells! jin-gle bells!
hitch him to an o - pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead. Jin-gle bells! jin-gle bells!



Jin-gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a



one-horse o - pen sleigh! Jin-gle bells! jin-gle bells! Jin-gle all the



way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In one-horse o - pen sleigh.

JUANITA

mf SOPRANO AND ALTO.

mf TENOR AND BASS.

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh,

Wear-y looks, yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare-well! Ni-tal Jua-ni-tal
In thy heart con-sent-ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni-tal Jua-ni-tal

Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni - tai Jua - ni - tai Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin - ger by thy side! Ni - tai Jua - ni - tai Be my own fairbride!

KILLARNEY.

BALFE.

Con moto.

1. By Kil-lar-ney's lakes and fells, Em - 'rald isles, and wind-ing bays, Moun-tain paths and
 2. In nis-fal-len's ru - in'd shrine May sug-gest a pass-ing sigh, But man's faith can
 3. No place else can charm the eye With such bright and va-ried tints; Ev - 'ry rock that
 4. Mu - sic there for Ech - o dwells, Makes each sound a har-mo - ny; Man - y-voiced the

woodland dells, Mem - 'ry ev - er fond - ly strays; Bounteous na-ture loves all lands;
 ne'er de-cline, Such God's won - ders float-ing by; Cas - tle Lough and Gle - na bay,
 you pass by, Ver - dure broi - ders or be-sprints; Vir - gin there the green grass grows.
 cho - rus swells, Till it faints in ees - ta - cy; With the charming tints be - low,

rall.
 Beau - ty wan-ders ev - 'ry-where; Foot-prints leaves on ma - ny strands; But her home is...
 Mountains Tore and Ea - gles nest; Still at Mu-cross you must pray, Tho' the monks are..
 Ev - 'ry morn springs na - tal day; Bright-hued ber-ries daff the snows, Smil-ing win - ter's..
 Seems the Heav'n a - bove to vie; All rich col - ors that we know, Tinge the cloud-wreaths

a tempo.
 sure - ly there! An - gels fold their wings and rest In that E - den of the west,
 now at rest. An - gels won-der not that man There would fain pro-long life's span,
 frown a - way. An - gels oft - en paus-ing there, Doubt if E - den were more fair,
 in that sky. Wings of an - gels so might shine, Glanc-ing back soft light di - vine,

cres. *f*
 Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - - ney, Ev - er fair Kil lar - - ney.

THE LITTLE BROWN JUG

ALLEGRETTO.



KEY C.

1. My wife and I lived all a lone, In a little log hut we call'd our own;
 2. 'Tis you who makes my friends my foes, 'Tis you who makes me wear old clothes,

She lov'd gin, and I lov'd rum, I tell you what, we'd lots of fun.
 Here you are, so near my nose, So tip her up, and down she goes.

3

When I go toiling to my farm,
 I take "Little Brown Jug" under my arm;
 I place it under a shady tree,
 "Little Brown Jug" 'tis you and me. *Chorus.*

4

If all the folks in Adam's race,
 Were gathered together in one place:
 Then I'd prepare to shed a tear.
 Before I'd part from you, my dear. *Chorus.*

5

If I'd a cow that gave such milk,
 I'd clothe her in the finest silk;
 I'd feed her on the choicest hay,
 And milk her forty times a day. *Chorus.*

6

The rose is red, my nose is, too,
 The violet's blue and so are you;
 And yet I guess before I stop,
 We'd better take another drop. *Chorus.*

CHORUS.

AIR.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

PIANO

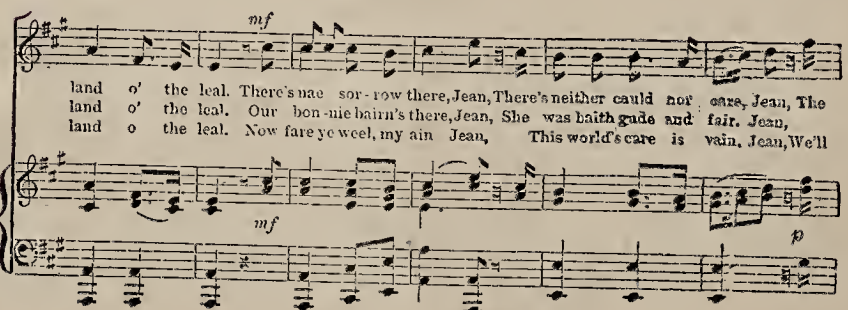
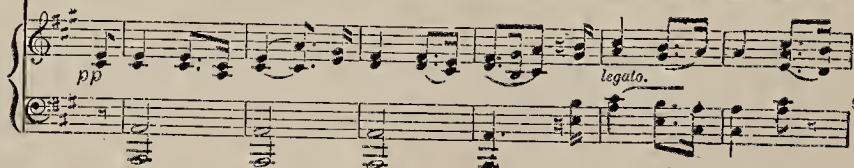
BROWN JUG. 2

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

LADY NAIRNE.

Adagio.

1. I'm wear-in' a - wa', Jean, Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean, I'm wear-in' a - wa' To the
2. Ye aye were leal and true, Jean, Your task's end-ed noo, Jean, And I'll wel-come you To the
3. Then dry that tear-fu' e'e, Jean, My soul lang's to be free, Jean, And angels wait on me To the



MY TASK

Maude Louise Ray

(Solo for Contralto or Baritone)

E. L. Ashford

VOICE

PIANO

L.H. *To To*

cresc

love some one more dear-ly ev'-ry day, To help a wand'ring child to find his
fol-low truth as blind men long for light, To do my best from dawn of day till

f *p*

way, To pon-der o'er a no-ble thought, and pray, And smile when
night, To keep my heart fit for His ho-ly sight, And answer

piu lento *ad lib*

even-ing falls, And smile when even-ing falls, This is my task.
when He calls, And answer when He calls, This is my task.

dim. *mf*

FIN

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD

p Moderato.

ALICE HAWTHORNE (SEPTIMUS WINNER).

1. I'm... dream-ing now of Hal-lie... sweet Hal-lie... sweet Hal-lie... I'm...
 2. Ah!... well I yet re mem-ber... re-mem-ber... re-mem-ber... Ah!...
 3. When the charms of spring a wak-en... a wak-en... a wak-en... When the

dream-ing now of Hal-lie. For the thought of her is one that nev-er dies; She's
 well I yet re mem-ber When we gath-ered in the cut-ton, side by side; 'Twas
 charms of spring a wak-en. And the mock-ing bird is sing-ing on the bough, I

sleep-ing in the val-ley, the val-ley, the val-ley, She's sleep-ing in the
 in the mild Sep-tem-ber, Sep-tem-ber, Sep-tem-ber, 'Twas in the mild Sep-
 feel like one for-sak-en, for-sak-en, for-sak-en, I feel like one for-

CHORUS *p leggiero.*
 val-ley, And the mock-ing bird is sing-ing where she lies Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird,
 tem-ber, And the mock-ing bird was sing-ing far and wide. Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird,
 sak-en, Since my Hal-lie is no lon-ger with me now Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird,

Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird, The mock-ing bird still sing-ing o'er her grave. Lis-ten to the

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD. 2

mock-ing bird, Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird, Still sing-ing where the weep-ing wil-lows wave.

THE "GLORY" SONG.

1. When all my labours and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When by the gift of His in-fi-nite grace I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have lov'd long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-

beau-ti-ful shore Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
hea-ven a place Just to be there and to look on his face,
-round me will flow Yet just a smile from my Saviour I know,

Oh, that will be-----
Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me----- Oh,----- that will
Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me----- Oh,----- that will
Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me----- Oh, that will be-----

glo-ry for me,----- glo-ry for me,----- glo-ry for me,----- When by His
be----- glo-ry for me,----- glo-ry for me,----- glo-ry for me,-----
glo-ry for me,----- glo-ry for me,----- glo-ry for me,----- When by His

grace
When I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me!
grace

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD NIGHT!

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Moderato.

PIANO. *mf*

The piano introduction is in G major, 4/4 time, marked Moderato. It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The melody begins with a half note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, and C, then a half note D. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note pattern: G, A, B, C, D, E, F#, G.

1. The sun shines bright in the
2. They hunt no more for the
3. The head must bow and the

mp

The vocal melody continues with a half note D, then quarter notes E, F#, and G. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a melody in the right hand that mirrors the vocal line.

old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis summer, the dar-ries are gay, The corn-top's ripe and the
pos-sum and the coon, On the meadow, the hill and the shore, They sing no more by the
back will have to bend, Where-ev-er the dar-key may go, A few more days and the

The vocal melody continues with a half note G, then quarter notes A, B, and C, then a half note D. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a melody in the right hand that mirrors the vocal line.

mea-dow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day. The
glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old ca-bin door. The
trou-ble all will end In the field where the su-gar canes grow. A

The vocal melody continues with a half note G, then quarter notes A, B, and C, then a half note D. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a melody in the right hand that mirrors the vocal line.

young folks roll on the lit-tle ca-bin floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright: By'n
 day goes by like a sha-dow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-light: The
 few more days for to tole the wea-ry load, No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light, A

by Hard Times comes a knocking at the door, Then my old Kentucky Home, good night.
 time has come when the darkies have to part, Then my old Kentucky Home, good night.
 few more days till we tof-ter on the road, Then my old Kentucky Home, good night.

Sopr. Chorus.

ALTO. *mp* Weep no more, my la-dy, oh! weep no more to-day! We will
 TEN. *mp*
 BASS.
mp

mf sing one song for the old Ren-tuck-y Home, for the old Ren-tuck-y Home, far a-way.
mf
mf
 stop

MAID OF ATHENS.

Words by LORD BYRON.

Music by H. R. ALLEN.

Andante con molto espressione.

mp

1. Maid of Ath-ens, ere we part... Give, O, give me back my heart!..
 2. By those tress-es un-con-fined... Wooed by each E-ge-an wind...
 3. Maid of Ath-ens, I am gone... Think of me, sweet, when a-lone...

Or since that has left my breast, Keep it now and take the rest!..
 By those lids whose jet-ty fringe, Kiss thy soft cheek's bloom-ing tinge...
 Though I fly to Is-tam-bol... Ath-ens holds my heart and soul...

mf più lento. *pp*

Hear my vow be-fore I go, Hear my vow be-fore I go. My
 By those wild eyes like the roe, Hear my vow be-fore I go...
 Can I cease to love thee? no! Can I cease to love thee? no!...

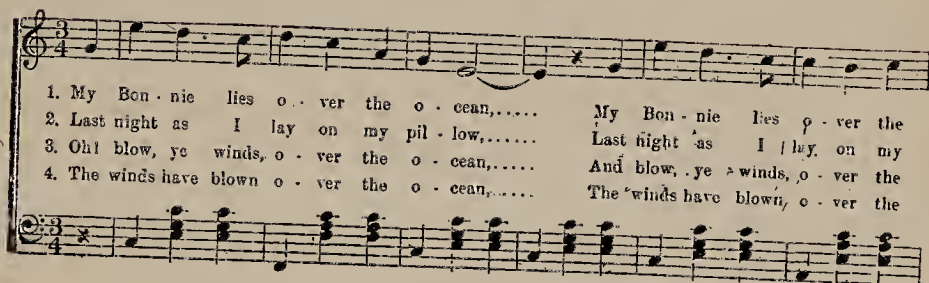
con tenerezza. *p*

life... I love... thee, My dear-est life, I... love... thee!
 Zo-e-mou, sas a-ga-pol! Zo-e-mou, sas a-ga-pol!

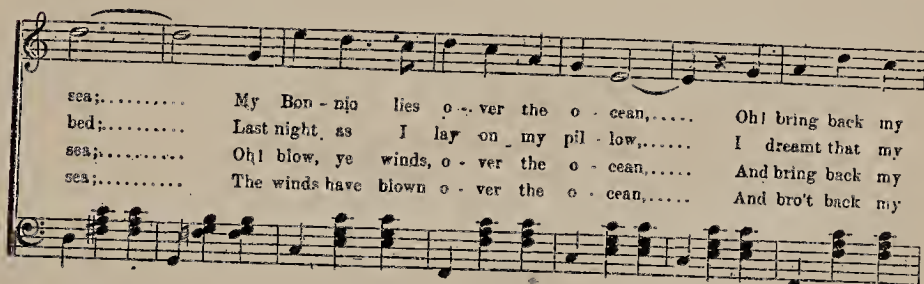
cres. *dim.* *pp*

1. Hear my vow be-fore I go, } My... life, I love... but thee!
 2. Hear my vow be-fore I go, } Zo-e-mou, sas a-ga-pol
 3. Can I cease to love thee? no! }

MY BONNIE

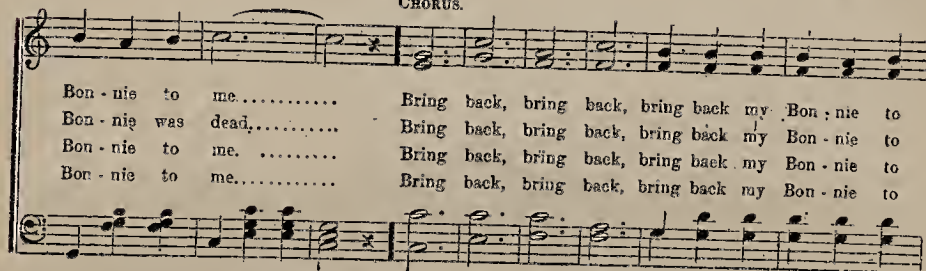


1. My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean,..... My Bon - nie lies o - ver the
 2. Last night as I lay on my pil - low,..... Last night as I lay on my
 3. Oh! blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean,..... And blow, ye winds, o - ver the
 4. The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean,..... The winds have blown, o - ver the

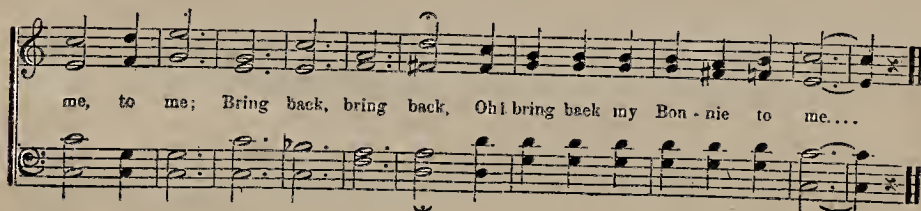


sea;..... My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean,..... Oh! bring back my
 bed;..... Last night as I lay on my pil - low,..... I dreamt that my
 sea;..... Oh! blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean,..... And bring back my
 sea;..... The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean,..... And bro't back my

CHORUS.



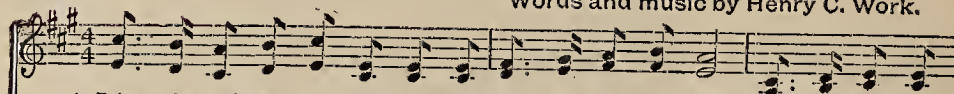
Bon - nie to me..... Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to
 Bon - nie was dead..... Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to
 Bon - nie to me..... Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to
 Bon - nie to me..... Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to



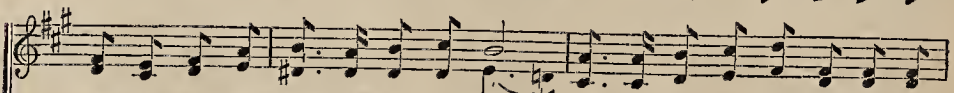
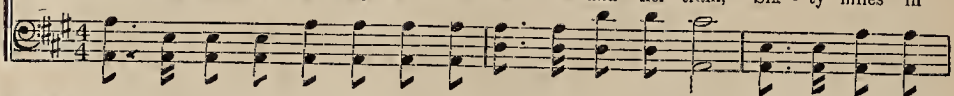
me, to me; Bring back, bring back, Oh! bring back my Bon - nie to me....

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

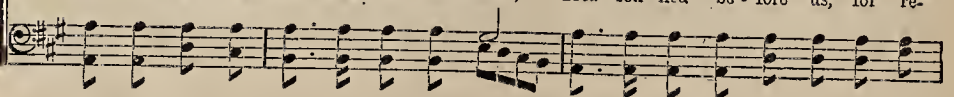
Words and music by Henry C. Work.



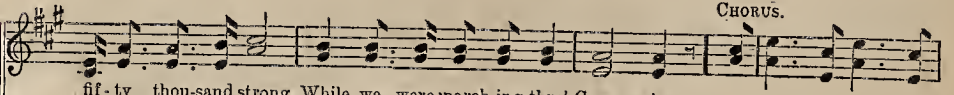
1. Bring the good old bu - gle, boys! we'll sing an - oth - er song — Sing it with a
2. How the dark - ies shout - ed when they heard the joy - ful sound! How the tur - keys
3. Yes, and there were Un - ion men who wept with joy - ful tears, When they saw the
4. "Sher-man's dash - ing Yan - kee boys will nev - er reach the coast!" So the sau - ey
5. So we made a thor - ough - fare for Free - dom and her train, Six - ty miles in



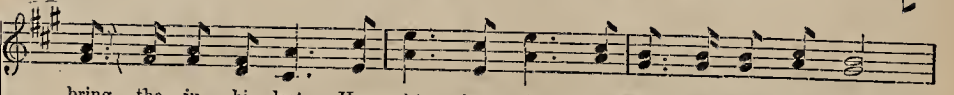
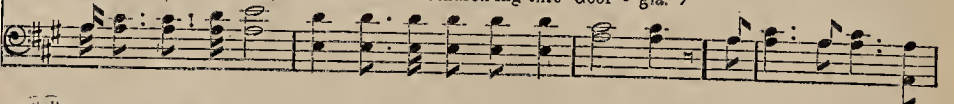
spir - it that will start the world a - long — Sing it as we used to sing it,
 gob - bled which our com - mis - sa - ry found! How the sweet po - ta - toes e - ven
 hon - ored flag they had not seen for years; Hard - ly could they be restrained from
 reb - els said, and 'twas a hand - some boast, Had they not for - got, a - las! to
 lat - i - tude — three hun - dred to the main; Treas - on fled be - fore us, for re -



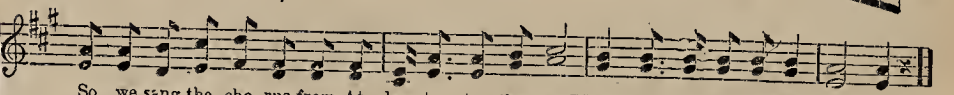
Chorus.



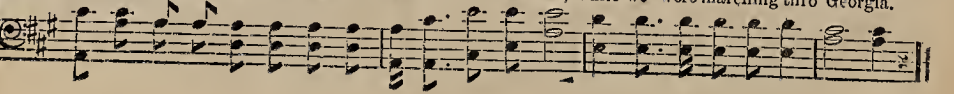
fif - ty thou - sand strong, While we were march - ing thro' Geor - gia.
 start - ed from the ground, While we were march - ing thro' Geor - gia.
 breaking forth in cheers, While we were march - ing thro' Geor - gia.
 reek - on with the host, While we were march - ing thro' Geor - gia?
 sis - tance was in vain, While we were march - ing thro' Geor - gia. } Hur - rah! hur - rah! we



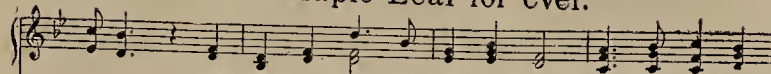
bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur - rah! hur - rah! the flag that makes you free!



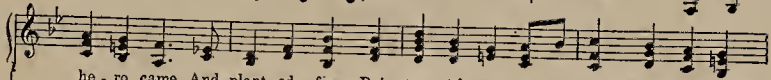
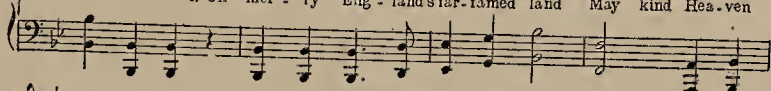
So we sang the cho - rus from At - lan - ta to the sea, While we were marching thro' Georgia.



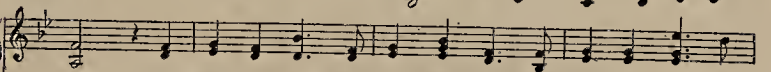
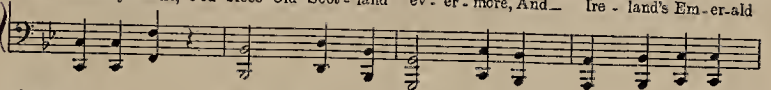
The Maple Leaf for ever.



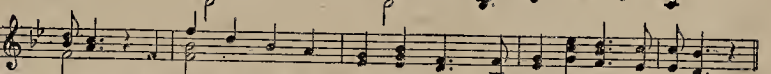
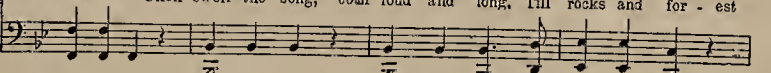
1. In days of yore, from Bri-tain's shore, Wolfe the daunt-less
2. At Queens-ton Heights and Lun-dy's Lane, Our brave fa-there,
3. Our fair Do-min-ion now ex-tends From Cape Race to
4. On mer-ry Eng-land's far-famed land May kind Hea-ven



he-ro came, And plant-ed firm Bri-tan-nia's flag, On Ca-na-da's fair do-
side by side, For free-dom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firmly stood and no-bly
Noot-ka Sound; May peace for ev-er be our lot, And plen-teous store a-
sweet-ly smile; God bless Old Scot-land ev-er-more, And Ire-land's Em-er-ald



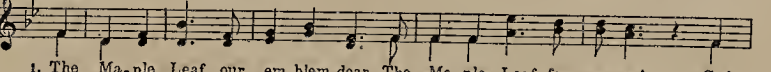
main. Here may it wave, our boast, our pride, And joined in love to-
died; And those dear rights which they main-tained, We swear to yield them
bound; And may those ties of love be ours Which dis-cord can-not
Isle! Then swell the song, both loud and long, Till rocks and for-est



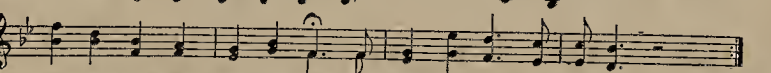
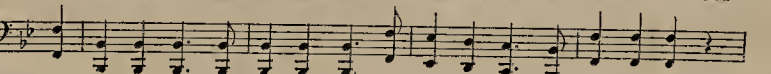
gether, The This-tle, Shamrock, Rose en-twine The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
never! Our watchword ev-er-more shall be, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
sever, And flour-ish green o'er Free-dom's home, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
quiver God save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!



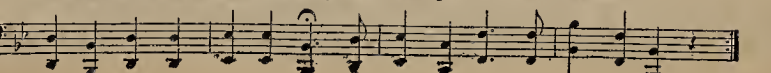
CHORUS.



1. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! God
2. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! God
3. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! And
4. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! God

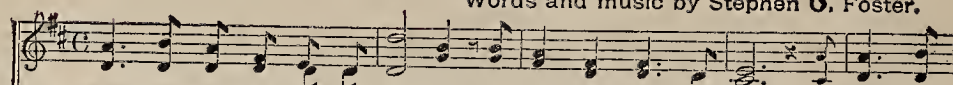


save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
flour-ish green o'er Free-dom's home, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!

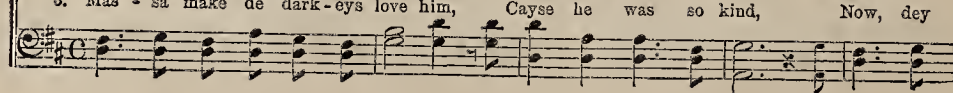



MASSA'S IN THE COLD GROUND



Words and music by Stephen O. Foster.



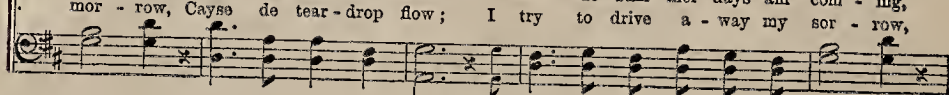
1. Round de mea-dows am a - ring - ing De dark - ey's mourn - ful song, While de
2. When de au - tumn leaves were fall - ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to
3. Mas - sa make de dark - eys love him, Cayse he was so kind, Now, dey

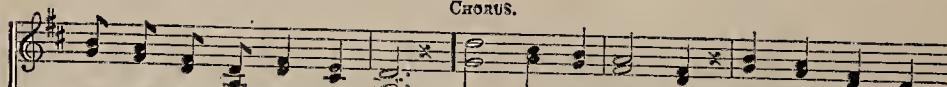
mock - ing bird am sing - ing, Hap - py as de day am long. Where de i - vy am a -
hear old mas - sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de or - ange trees am
sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourn - ing cayse he leave dem behind. I can - not work be - fore to -

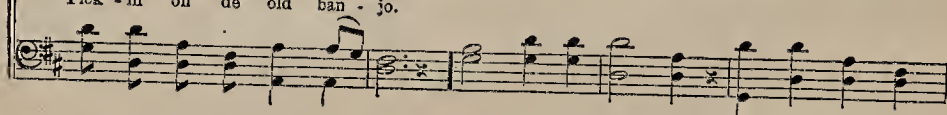
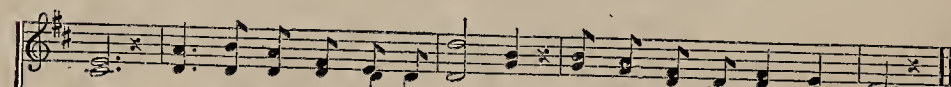
creep - ing, O'er de grass - y mound, Dare old mas - sa am a - sleep - ing,
bloom - ing, On de sand - y shore, Now de sum - mer days am com - ing,
mor - row, Cayse de tear - drop flow; I try to drive a - way my sor - row,



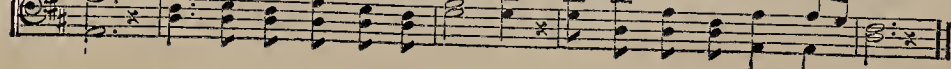
Chorus.



Sleep - ing in de cold, cold ground. Down in de corn - field Hear dat mourn - ful
Mas - sa neb - ber calls no more.
Pick - in' on de old ban - jo.

sound; All de dark - eys am a - weep - ing, Mas - sa's in de cold, cold ground.



Written by Robert Todd. **O CANADA!** Melody by C. LAVALLEE.

SOLO, MIXED VOICES or UNISON

1. O Can - A - da Our Home-land strong and free,
2. O Can - a - da Blest with the wealth of Kings,

Fair are thy lands that spread from sea to sea. Thy
From land to land thy fame e - ter - nal rings. Fear

might-y moun tains soar, dear land close to the smi - ling skies. Thy
less and bold thy brow - ny sons, will guard thee night and day; Our

child - ren sing with one ac - cord. O Can - a - da, a - rise.
glor - ious land will nev - er bow to an - y ty - rant's sway.

CHORUS. *ad lib.*

O Can - a - da Dear Can - a - da,
O Can - a - da Dear Can - a - da.

Fair are thy lands that spread from sea to sea,
Fair are thy lands that spread from sea to sea,

ff. rit.
And with our lives we'll guard thy lib er - ty
And with our lives we'll guard thy lib er - ty

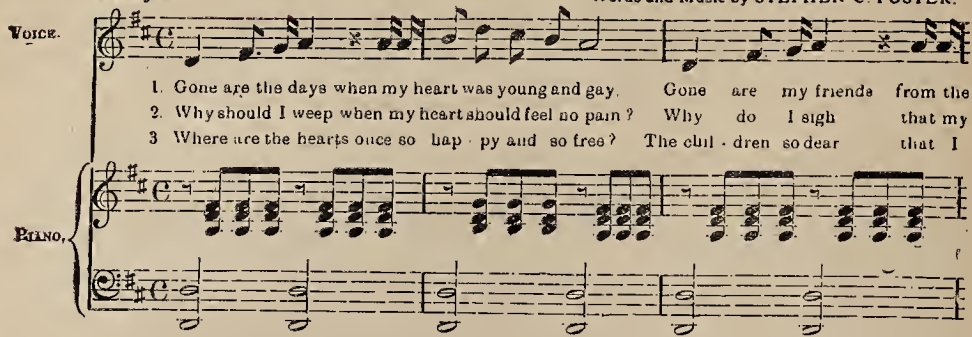
Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year 1906 by A. Cox & Co. at the Department of Agriculture Ottawa.

72
OLD BLACK JOE.

Poco adagio

Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

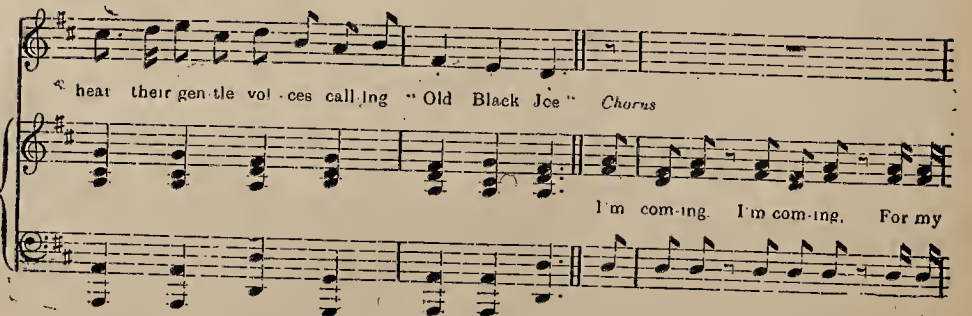
VOICE.



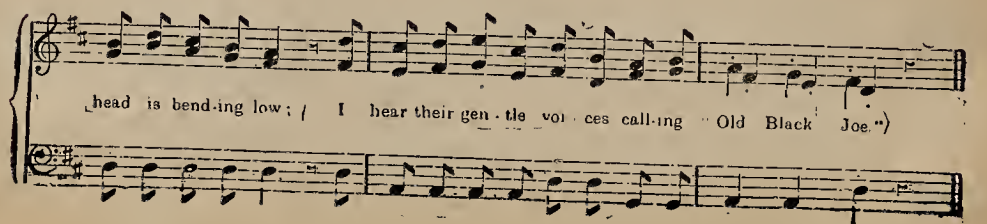
1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay. Gone are my friends from the
2. Why should I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil - dren so dear that I



cot - ton fields a - way. Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land I know, I
friends come not a - gain. Grief - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go? I
held up - on my knee. Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go. I



I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing "Old Black Joe" *Chorus*
I'm com - ing. I'm com - ing. For my



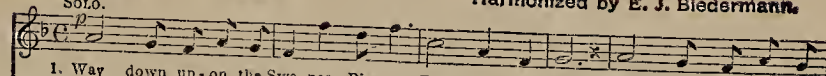
head is bend - ing low; I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing "Old Black Joe."

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

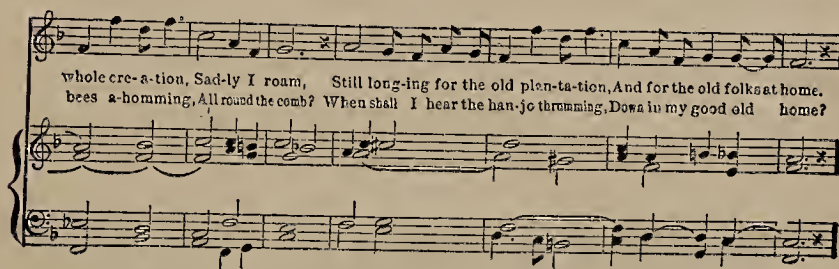
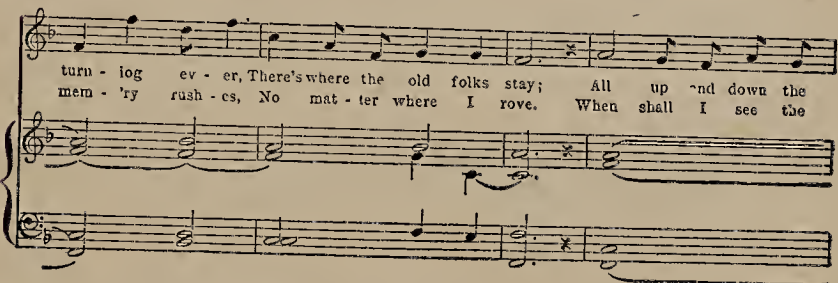
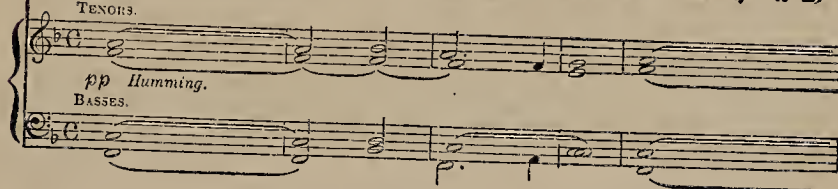
Melody by S. C. Foster.

Harmonized by E. J. Biedermann.

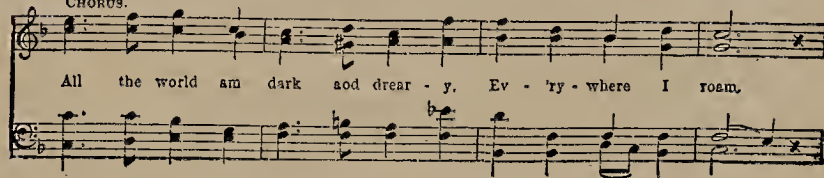
SOLO.



2. One lit-tle hut a-moog the hush-es, One that I love, Still sad-ly to my

CHORUS
TENORS.

CHORUS.



THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

Samuel Woodworth,

1. { How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec-ol-
The or-chard, the mead-ow the deep tan-gled wild-wood, And ev-'ry loved

lec-tion pre-sents them to view! { The wide-spread-ing pond, and the mill that stood
spot which my in-fan-cy knew; } { The cot of my fa-ther, the dai-ry-house

by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat-a-ract fell; } The old oak-en
nigh it. And e'en the rude buck-et that hung in the well.

buck-et, the i-ron-bound buck-et, The moss-covered buck-et that hung in the well.

2 The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing.
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing.
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

3 How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sip
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the

RED, WHITE AND BLUE

Words by David T. Shaw.

Music by Thomas à Beck

1. Oh, Bri - tan - nia, the pride of the o - cean,
 2. When war - wing'd its wide des - o - la - tion,
 3. The... Na - tion's proud ban - ner bring hith - er,

The home of the brave and the free,
 And threatened the land to de - form,
 O'er Brit - on's true sons let it wave;

The shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion
 The ark then of free - dom's foun - da - tion,
 May the wreaths they have won nev - er with - er,

A... world of - fers hom - age to thee;
 Bri - tan - nia, rode safe thro' the storm;
 Nor its glory cease to shine on the brave;

Thy... mandates make he - roes as - sem - ble,
 With the gar - lands of vic - t'ry a - round her,
 May the ser - vice u - ni - ted nev - er sev - er,

When... Lib - er - ty's form stands in view;
 When so proud - ly she bore her brave crew,
 But... hold to their col - ors so true;

Thy... ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble,
 With her flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her,
 The... Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er,

When borne by the red, white, and blue;
 The pride of the red, white, and blue;
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue;

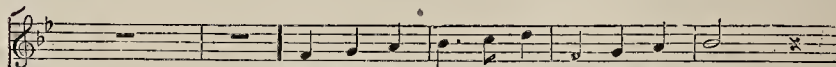
When borne by the red, white, and blue,
 The pride of the red, white, and blue,
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,

When borne by the red, white, and blue,
 The pride of the red, white, and blue, D.S.

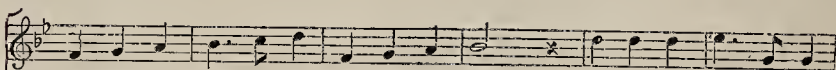
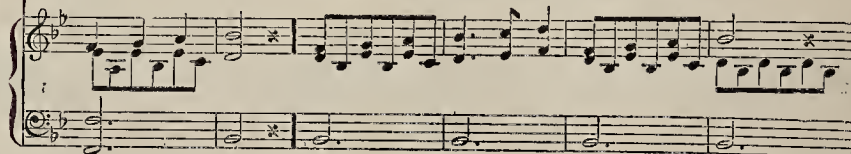
ROBIN ADAIR.

BURNS.

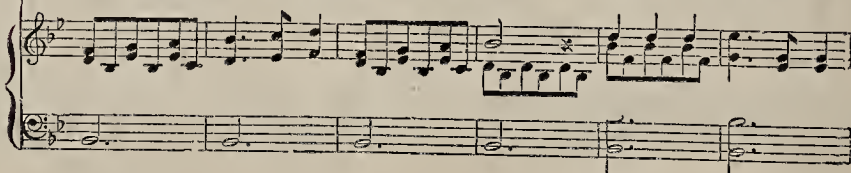
Irish and Scotch form of Melody.

*Andante.*PIANO. *espressivo.*

1. What's this dull town to me? Ro - bin's not near.
2. What made th'as-sam - bly shine? Ro - bin A - dair.
3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Ro - bin A - dair,



What was't I wish'd to see, What wish'd to hear? Where all the joy and mirth
 What made the ball so fine? Ro - bin was there. What when the play' was o'er,
 But now thou'rt cold to me, Ro - bin A - dair. Yet he I lov'd so well



Made this town heav'n on earth? Oh, they're all fled with thee, Ro - bin A - dair.
 What made my heart so sore? Oh, it was part - ing with Ro - bin A - dair.
 Still in my heart shall dwell, Oh; I can ne'er for - get Ro - bin A - dair.



SWEET AND LOW.

Alfred Tennyson.

Larghetto.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

J. Barnby.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; . Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . Rest, rest on

TENOR AND BASS.

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; . O - ver the roll - ing
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . Fa - ther will come to his

O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon . . and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,

wa - ters go, Come . . from the moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil . . ver sails out of the west,

me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.
moon: Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep. my pret - ty one, sleep.

SWEET GENEVIEVE.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

ANDANTE

MODERATO.

1. O Gen - evieve Id give the world To live a - gain the love - ly past! The
 2. Fair Gen - evieve my ear - ly love, The years but make thee dear - er far! My

rose of youth was dew - impearld; But now it withers in the blast. I
 heart shall nev - er, nev - er rove: Thou art my on - ly gui - ding star. For

see thy face in ev - ry dream, My waking thoughts are full of thee; Thy
 me the past has no re - gret What - e'er the years may bring to me; I

glance is in the star - ry beam That falls a - long the sum - mer sea
bless the hour when first we met, The hour that gave me love and thee.

cresc. voce.

CHORUS.

AIR.

O Gen - evieve, sweet Gen - evieve, The days may come, the days may go, But

ALTO.

O Gen - evieve, sweet Gen - evieve, The days may come, the days may go, But

TENOR.

O Gen - evieve, sweet Gen - evieve, The days may come, the days may go, But

BASS.

O Gen - evieve, sweet Gen - evieve, The days may come, the days may go, But

PIANO.

Coda ad lib.

still the hands of mem'ry weave The blissful dreams of long a - go. O Gen - evieve.

still the hands of mem'ry weave The blissful dreams of long a - go. O Gen - evieve.

still the hands of mem'ry weave The blissful dreams of long a - go. O Gen - evieve.

still the hands of mem'ry weave The blissful dreams of long a - go. O Gen - evieve.

cresc. voce.

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL

Andante.
1st AND 2d TENOR.

Music by Johanna Kinkia.

1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part - ing kiss I give thee; And
2. Ne'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With
3. I think of thee with long - ing. Think thou, when tears are throng - ing, That

1st AND 2d BASS.

then what - e'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me. Fare -
spear and pan - non glanc - ing, I see the foe ad - vanc - ing. Fare -
with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll whis - per soft, while dy - ing; Fare -

Tranquillo e molto espresso. *ff* *pp* *ril.*
well, fare - well, my own true love; Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love.

(85)

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

Words by Thomas Moore.

Music by Molly Astor.

Andante. 1st verse *pp*, 2d verse *ff*.

1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells; The chord, a - lone, that

Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled So sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So
breaks at night, its tale of ru - in tells: ... Thus Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, The

glo - ry's thrill is o'er And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that praise no more.
on - ly thro' she gives Is when some heart indignant breaks, To show that still she lives.

THE SPANISH CAVALIER.

p Moderato, dolce.

1. A Span-ish cav - a - lier stood in his re - treat, And on his gui - tar play'd a tune, dear; The
 2. I am off to the war, to the war I must go, To fight for my coun - try and you, dear; But
 3. And when the war is o'er, to you I'll re - turn, Back to my coun - try and you, dear; But

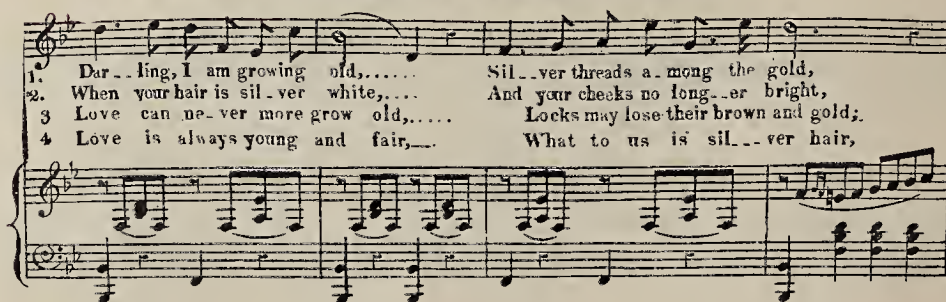
mu - sic so sweet, they'd oft - times re - peat, The bless - ing of my coun - try and you, dear.
 if I should fall, in vain I would call, The bless - ing of my coun - try and you, dear.
 if I be slain, you may seek me in vain, Up - on the bat - tle - field you will find me.

f CHORUS. *p*

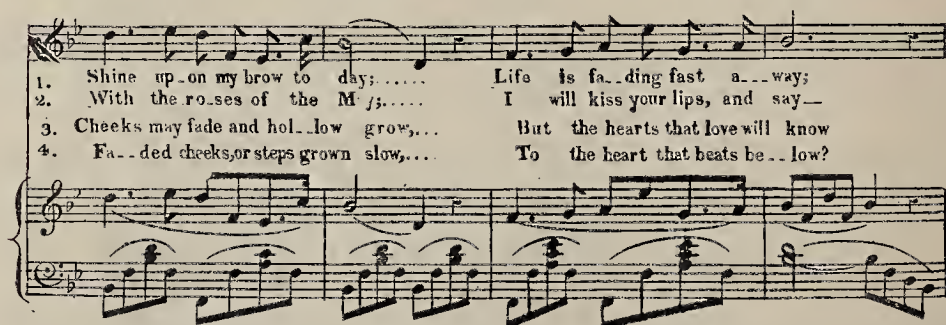
Say, dar - ling, say, when I'm far a - way, Some - times you may think of me, dear,

Bright sun - ny days will soon fade a - way, Re - mem - ber what I say, and be true, dear.

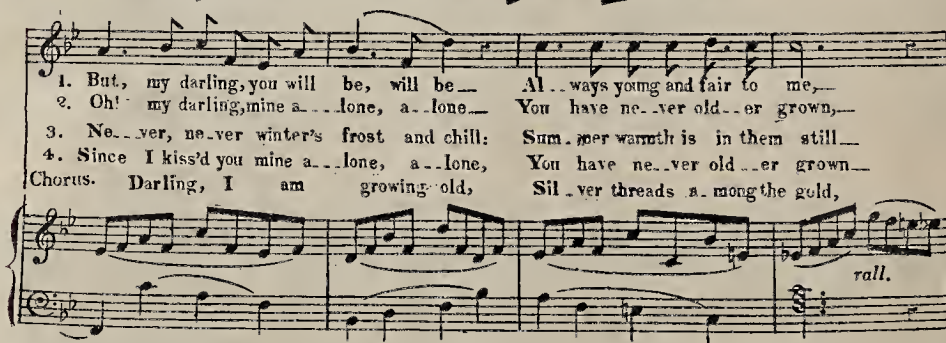
SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD.



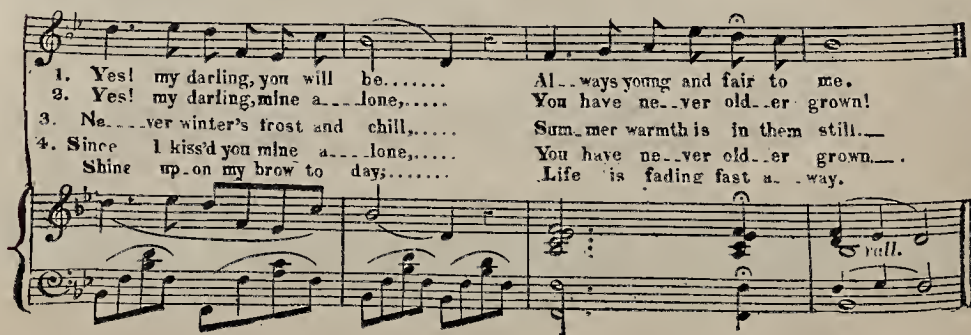
1. Dar...ling, I am growing old,..... Sil...ver threads a-mong the gold,
 2. When your hair is sil-ver white,.... And your cheeks no long-er bright,
 3. Love can ne-ver more grow old,.... Locks may lose their brown and gold;
 4. Love is always young and fair,.... What to us is sil...ver hair,



1. Shine up-on my brow to day;..... Life is fa-ling fast a...way;
 2. With the ro-ses of the M... I will kiss your lips, and say—
 3. Cheeks may fade and hol-low grow,.... But the hearts that love will know
 4. Fa-ling cheeks, or steps grown slow,.... To the heart that beats be...low?



1. But, my darling, you will be, will be— Al...ways young and fair to me,—
 2. Oh! my darling, mine a...lone, a...lone— You have ne-ver old-er grown,—
 3. Ne-ver, ne-ver winter's frost and chill: Sum-mer warmth is in them still—
 4. Since I kiss'd you mine a...lone, a...lone, You have ne-ver old-er grown—
 Chorus. Darling, I am growing old, Sil-ver threads a-mong the gold,
 rall.



1. Yes! my darling, you will be..... Al...ways young and fair to me.
 2. Yes! my darling, mine a...lone,.... You have ne-ver old-er grown!
 3. Ne-ver winter's frost and chill,.... Sum-mer warmth is in them still—
 4. Since I kiss'd you mine a...lone,.... You have ne-ver old-er grown—
 Shine up-on my brow to day;..... Life is fading fast a...way.
 rall.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

SERENADE.

TENORS.

Dolce. p

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steep, Sink, sink in

BASSES.

gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

rall. p

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Words by Thomas Moore.

1. 'Tis the last rose of sum - mer, Left bloom - ing a - lone; All her love - ly com -
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem, Since the love - ly are
3. So soon may I fol - low, When friendships de - cay, And from love's shin - ing

pan - ions Are fad - ed and gone; - No flow - er of her kin - dred, No
sleep - ing, Go sleep thou with them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy
cir - cle The gems drop a - way; When true hearts lie with - ered, And

rose - bud is nigh, To re - flect back her blush - es, Or give sigh for sigh
leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie scent - less and dead
fond ones are flown, O, who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone.

STAR OF THE EAST.

(MELODY, STAR OF THE SEA.)

Words by George Cooper.

Music by A. Kennedy.

PIANO.

* Cantabile

1. Star of the East. Oh Beth-le-hem's star, Guid-ing us on to Heav-en a-far!
 2. Star of the East. un-dim'd by each cloud, What tho'the storms of grief gath-er loud?

Sor-row and grief are lull'd by thy light. Thou hope of each mor-tal, in death's lone-ly night!
 Faith-ful and pure thy rays beam to save. Still bright o'er the cra-dle, and bright o'er the gravel

Fear-less and tran-quil, we look up to thee! Know-ing thou beam'st thro'e-ter-ni-ty!
 Smiles of a Sav-iour are mir-ror'd in thee! Glimp-es of Heav'n in thy light we see!

Help us to fol-low where thou still dost guide, Pil-grims of earth so wide.
Guide us still on-ward to that bless-ed shore, Af-ter earth's toil is o'er!

Star of the East, thou hope of the soul, While round us here the dark bil-lows roll,

Lead us from sin to glo-ry a-far, Thou star-of-the East, thou sweet Beth-le-em's star.

Solo or Duet.

Oh star that leads to God a-bove! Whose rays are Peace and Joy and Love! Watch
dolce

o'er us still till life hath ceased, Beam on, bright star, sweet Beth-le-hem star!

SCOTS. WHA HAE WIF WALLACE BLED

BURNS.

Andante moderato.

Piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *PIANO. mf*, *f*, and *dim.*

First system of the song. The vocal melody is in G major, 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time. Dynamics include *p* and *mf*.

1. Scots, wha hae wif Wal-lace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has af-ten led, Wel-come to your
 2. Wha would be a trai-tor knave? Wha would fill a cow-ard's grave? Wha sae base as
 3. By op-pres-sion's woes an' pains, By yoursons in ser-vile chains, We will drain our

Second system of the song. The vocal melody continues with the same key and time signature. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support.

go-ry bed, Or to vie-to-ri-er! Now's the day an' now's the hour.
 oe a slave? Let him turn and flee! Wha, for Scot-land's king an' law,
 dear-est veins, But they shall be free. Lay the proud u-surp-ers low!

Third system of the song. The vocal melody concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord. Dynamics include *f* and *dim.*

See the front of bat-tle-lour; See approach proud Edward's pow'r. Chains and sla-ve-ri-er!
 Freedom's sword would strongly draw, Free-man stand, and free-man fa', Let him on wif me!
 Ty-rants fall in ev-ery foel! Lib-er-ty's in ev-ery blow! Let us do or dee!

Tom Bowling.

DIE IN.

Voice

PIANO. *mf* *p*

1. Here, a sheer bulk, lies
2. Tom new - er from his
3. Yet shall poor 'Tom find

poor Tom Bowling, The dar - ling of our crew, No more he'll hear the tem - pest howling, For
word de - part - ed, His vir - tues were so rare, His friends were ma - ny and true - heart - ed, His
plea sent weath - er, When He, who, all com - mands, Shall give, to call life's crew to - geth - er, The

death has' brouch'd him to; His form was of the man - liest beau - ty, His heart was kind and
Poll was kind and fair; And then he'd sing so blithe and jol - ly, Ah! many's the time and
word to pipe all hands; Thus Death, who kings and tars dis - patch - es, In vain Tom's life has

soft, Faith - ful be - low he did his du - ty, And now he's gone a - loft, And
oft, But mirth is turn'd to mel - an - cho - ly, For Tom has gone a - loft, For
doff'd, For tho' his be - dy's un - der hatch - es, His soul is gone a - loft, His

now he's gone a - loft.
Tom has gone a - loft.
soul is gone a - loft.

mf *D.C.*

TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

Words and music by Geo. F. Root.

1 In the pris - on cell I sit, Think - ing, Moth - er dear, of you, And our
2 In the bat - tle front we stood When their fiere - est charge they made, And they
3 So, with - in the pris - on cell, We are wait - ing for the day That shall

bright and hap - py home so far a - way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
swept us off a hun - dred men or more; But be - fore we reached their lines They were
come to o - pen wide the i - ron door; And the hol - low eye grows bright, And the

all that I can do, Though I try to cheer my com - rades and be gay.
beat - en back, dis - mayed, And we heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.
poor heart al - most gay, As we think of see - ing home and friends once more.

CHORUS.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are march - ing, Cheer up, comrades, they will come, And be -
march - ing on, O cheer up, com - rades, they will come,

neath the Union Jack We shall breathe the air a - gain Of the freeland in our own be - lov - ed home.

THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

Words and music by M. W. Balfe.

Andante cantabile.

1. When oth - er lips and oth - er hearts Their tales of love shall tell,
2. When cold - ness of de - ceit shall slight The beau - ty now they prize,

In lan - guage whose ex - cess im - parts The pow'r they feel so well,
And deem it but a fad - ed light Which beams with - in your eyes;

There may, per - haps, in such a scene Some rec - ol - lee - tion be
When hol - low hearts shall wear a mask 'Twill break your own.... to see:

Of days that have as hap - py been, And you'll re - mem - ber
In such a mo - ment I.... but ask, That you'll re - mem - ber

me,..... And you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.
me,..... That you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me

TAKE BACK THE HEART

Moderato.

p

1. Take back the heart that thou gav - est, What is mine an - guish to thee!.. Take back the
 2. Then when at last o - ver - ta - ken, Time flings its fet - ters o'er thee;.. Come with a

free - dom thou crav - est, Leav - ing the fet - ters to me.... Take back the vows thou hast
 trust still un - sha - ken, Come back a cap - tive to me.... Come back in sad - ness or

Ah!.....

spok - en, Fling them a - side and be free;.. Smile for each pit - i - ful to - ken,
 sor - row, Once more my dar - ling to be;.... Come as of old, love, to bor - row

*rit.**a tempo.*

Leav - ing the sor - row for me.... Drink deep of life's fond il - lu - sion, Gaze on the storm - cloud and
 Glimp - ses of sun - light from me.... Love shall re - sume her do - min - ion, Striv - ing no more to be

rit.

flee, Swift - ly thro' strife and con - fu - sion, Leav - ing the bur - den to me....
 free, When on her world - wea - ry pin - ion, Flies back my lost love to me....

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

Andante

Words and Music by WALTER KITTREDGE.

1. We're tent - ing to - night on the old Camp ground, Give us a song to
 2. We've been tent - ing to - night on the old Camp ground, Thinking of days gone
 3. We're tired of war on the old Camp ground, Man - y are dead and
 4. We've been fight - ing to - day on the old Camp ground, Man - y are ly - ing

PIANO.

cheer Our wea - ry hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so
 by, Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "Good -
 gone Of the brave and true who've left their homes, Others been wounded
 near; Some are dead and some are dy - ing, Many are in

dear.
 "hail"
 long.
 tears.

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary to - night, Wishing for the war to

cease, Man - y are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace.

Tenting to - night, Tenting to - night, Tenting on the old Camp ground.
 Last verse. Dy - ing to - night, Dy - ing on the old Camp ground.
 (lento) ppp

Weel may the Keel row.

1. Oh, who is like my John - nie, Sae leish, sae blythe, sae bon - nie? He's fore - most among the

mo - ny Keel lads o' coal - y Tyne. He'll set or row sae tight - ly, Or

with the voice.

the dance sae spright - ly, He'll cut and shuf - fle sight - ly, 'Tis true, were he not mine.

2.
He has nae mair o' learning
Than tells his weekly earning;
Yet right frae wrang discerning,
Tho' brave, nae bruiser he;
Tho' he no worth a plack is,
His ain coat on his back is,
And nane can say that black is
The white o' Johnnie's e'e.
Weel may, &c.

3.
He wears a blue bonnet,
Blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet,
A dimple's in his chin;
And weel may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
And weel may the keel row
That my lad's in.
Weel may, &c.

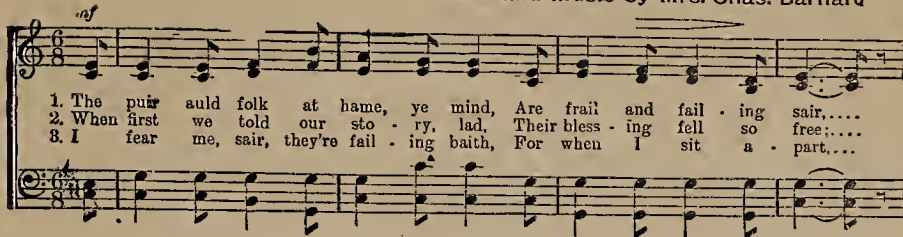
Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row, Weel may the keel row That my lad's in.

rall. *in time.* D.C. 8

WE'D BETTER BIDE A WEE.

Words and music by Mrs. Chas. Barnard

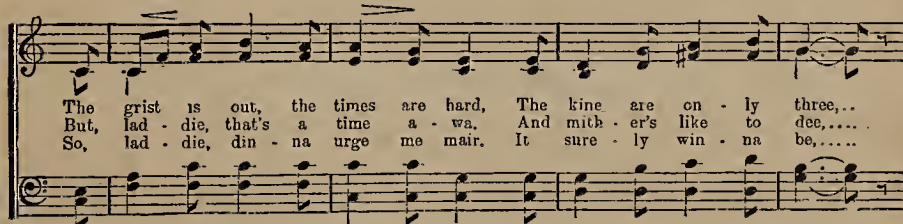
mf



1. The puir auld folk at hame, ye mind, Are frail and fail - ing sair,....
 2. When first we told our sto - ry, lad, Their bless - ing fell so free;....
 3. I fear me, sair, they're fail - ing baith, For when I sit a - part,....

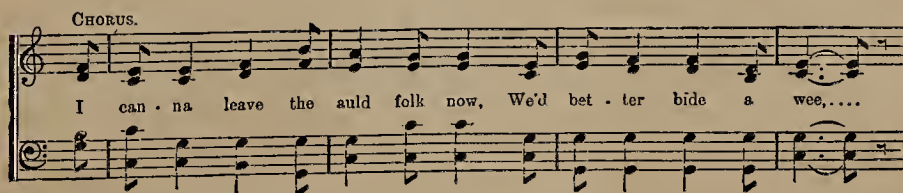


And weel I ken they'd miss me, lad, Gin I came hame nae mair....
 They gave no thought to self at all, They did but think of me;....
 They'll talk o' heav'n sae ear - nest - ly, It well - nigh breaks my heart!..

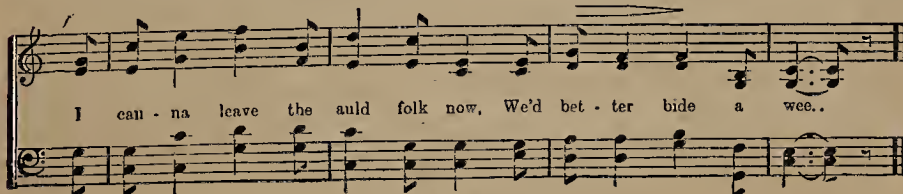


The grist is out, the times are hard, The kine are on - ly three,..
 But, lad - die, that's a time a - wa, And mith - er's like to dee,....
 So, lad - die, din - na urge me mair, It sure - ly win - na be,....

CHORUS.



I can - na leave the auld folk now, We'd bet - ter bide a wee,....



I can - na leave the auld folk now, We'd bet - ter bide a wee..

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WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH TOWN.

T. D'URFEY.

Moderato.

1. 'Twas within a mile of
2. Jockie was a wag that
3. But when he vow'd he wad

PIANO. *f*

Ed-in-bu-ryh town, In the ro-sy time of the year, Sweet flow-ers bloom'd and the
nev-er wad wed, Though lang he had fol-lowed the lass; Con-tent-ed she earned and
make her his bride, Though his flocks and herds were not few, She gie'd him her hand and a

grass was down, And each shepherd woo'd his dear. Bon-nie Jock-ie, blythe and gay,
ate her brown bread, And merrily turned up the grass. Bon-nie Jock-ie, blythe and free,
kiss be-side, And vow'd she'd for ever be true. Bon-nie Jock-ie, blythe and free,

Kiss'd young Jen-ny mak-ing hay; The las-sie blush'd, and frowning cried, "Na, na, it win-na do; I
Won her heart right mer-ri-ly; Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried: "Na, na, it win-na do; I
Won her heart right mer-ri-ly; At kirk she no more frowning cried: "Na, na, it win-na do; I

can-na, can-na, win-na, win-na, maun-na buck-le to."

WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

FRANZ ABT.

Con espres.

1. When the swal - lows home-ward fly, When the ros - es scat - ter'd lie, When from
 2. When the white swan south-ward roves, To seek at noon the or - ange groves, When the
 3. Hush, my heart! why thus com - plain? Thou must, too, thy woes con - tain, Though on

poco accelerando.

nei - ther hill nor dale Chants the sil - v'ry night - in - gale: In these words my bleeding
 red tints of the west Prove the sun has gone to rest; In these words my bleeding
 earth no more we rove, Loud - ly breath - ing words of love; Thou, my heart, must find re -

*cres.**p dolce.*

heart Would to thee its grief im - part: When I.... thus thy im - age lose,...
 heart Would to thee its grief im - part: When I.... thus thy im - age lose,...
 lief, Yield - ing to these words be - lief: I shall see thy form a gain,...

*f cres.**p*

Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose?
 Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose. Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose?
 Though to - day... we part a - gain, Though to - day... we part a - gain.

WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

JAMES HOGG.

Andante moderato.

PIANO. *mf*

1. Come all ye jol-ly shep-herds that whis-tle thro' the glen, I'll tell ye o' a sō - cret that
 2. 'Tis not be-neath the bur-go-net, nor yet be-neath the crown, 'Tis not on coach of vel - vet, nor
 3. Then the eye shinesae bright-ly the hale-soul to be-guile, There's lovin' ev - 'ry whis - per and
 4. See yon - der paw-ky shep-herd that lin-gers on the hill - His yowes are in the fauld, and his
 5. A - wa' wi' fame and for - tune - what comfort can they gi'e? And a' the arts that prey up-on man's

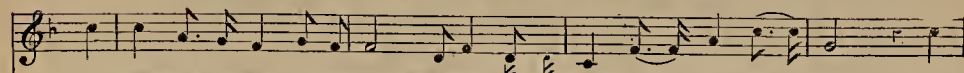
cour-tiers din - na ken: What is the great - est bliss that the tongue o' man can name? 'Tis to
 yet on bed of down; 'Tis be - neath the spread - ing birch, in the dell with - out a name, Wi' a
 joy in ev - 'ry smile; O! wha would choose a crown wi' its per - ils and its fame, And
 lambs are ly - ing still; But he dow - na gang to rest, for his heart is in a flame To
 life and lib - er - tie! Gi'e me the high - est joy that the heart o' man can frame, My

woo a bon-nie las-sie when the kye come hame. When the kye come hame, when the kye come hame, 'Tween the
 bon-nie, bon-nie las-sie when the kye come hame. When the kye come hame, etc.
 miss a bon-nie las-sie when the kye come hame? When the kye come hame, etc.
 meet his bon-nie las-sie when the kye come hame. When the kye come hame, etc.
 bon-nie, bon-nie las-sie when the kye come hame. When the kye come hame, etc.

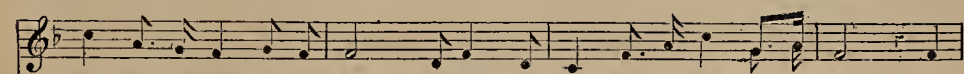
gloom - in' and the mirk, When the kye come hame.

dim.


WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE.




I wandered to day to the hill, Maggie, To watch the scene be - low; The
A ci - ty so si - lent and lone, Mag-gie, Where the young and the gay and the best, In
They say I am fee - ble with age, Mag-gie, My steps are less sprightly than then. My

creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie, As we used to long a - go, The
po - lish'd white mansions of stone, Maggie, Have each found a place of rest, Is
face is a well - writ - ten page, Maggie, But time a - lone was the pen, They
CHORUS. And

green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie, Where first the dai - sies sprung; The
built where the birds used to play, Mag-gie, And join in the songs that were sung; For we
say we are a - ged and gray, Mag-gie, As sprays by the white breakers flung; But, to
now we are a - ged and grey, Maggie, And the tri - als of life near - ly done Let us

creak - ing old mill is still, Maggie, Since you and I were young.
sang as gay as they, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.
me, you're as fair as you were, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.
sing of the days that are gone, Maggie When you and I were young.



YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNY DOON.

BURNS.

Andante cantabile.

1. Ye banks and braes o'
2. Oft hae I rov'd by

PIANO. *mf* *p*

bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? can ye chaunt, ye
bon - nie Doon, By morn-ing and by even-ing shine To hear the birds sing

lit - tle birds, And I'm sae wea - ry ful' o' care? Ye'll break my heart, ye
o' their loves As fond - ly once I sang o' mine. Wi' light - some heart I

war - bling bird, That war - bles on the flow - 'ry thorn, Ye mind me o' de -
stretch'd my hand, And pu'd a rose - bud from the tree; But my fause lov - er

p dolce.

part - ed joys, De - part - ed nev - er to re - turn.
stole the rose, And left the thorn, the thorn wi' me.

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